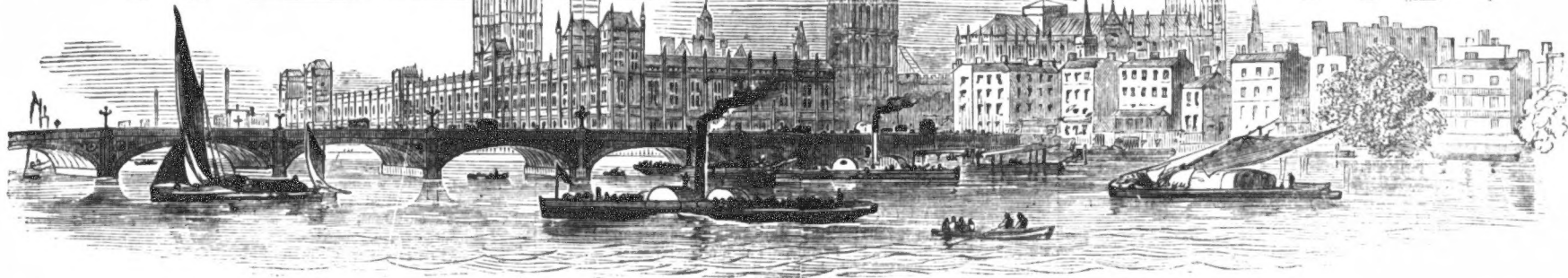


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I.R. NEWSPAPER REGY
RECEIVED 29 JUN 1867

THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.



No. 8.—VOL. I. { NEW PROPRIETORSHIP
AND MANAGEMENT.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1867.

ONE PENNY.

"DEAD ACRE: A CHAIN OF EVIDENCE," BY C. H. ROSS, IS CONTINUED IN THIS NUMBER.

BIRTHDAY OF THE KING OF PRUSSIA.

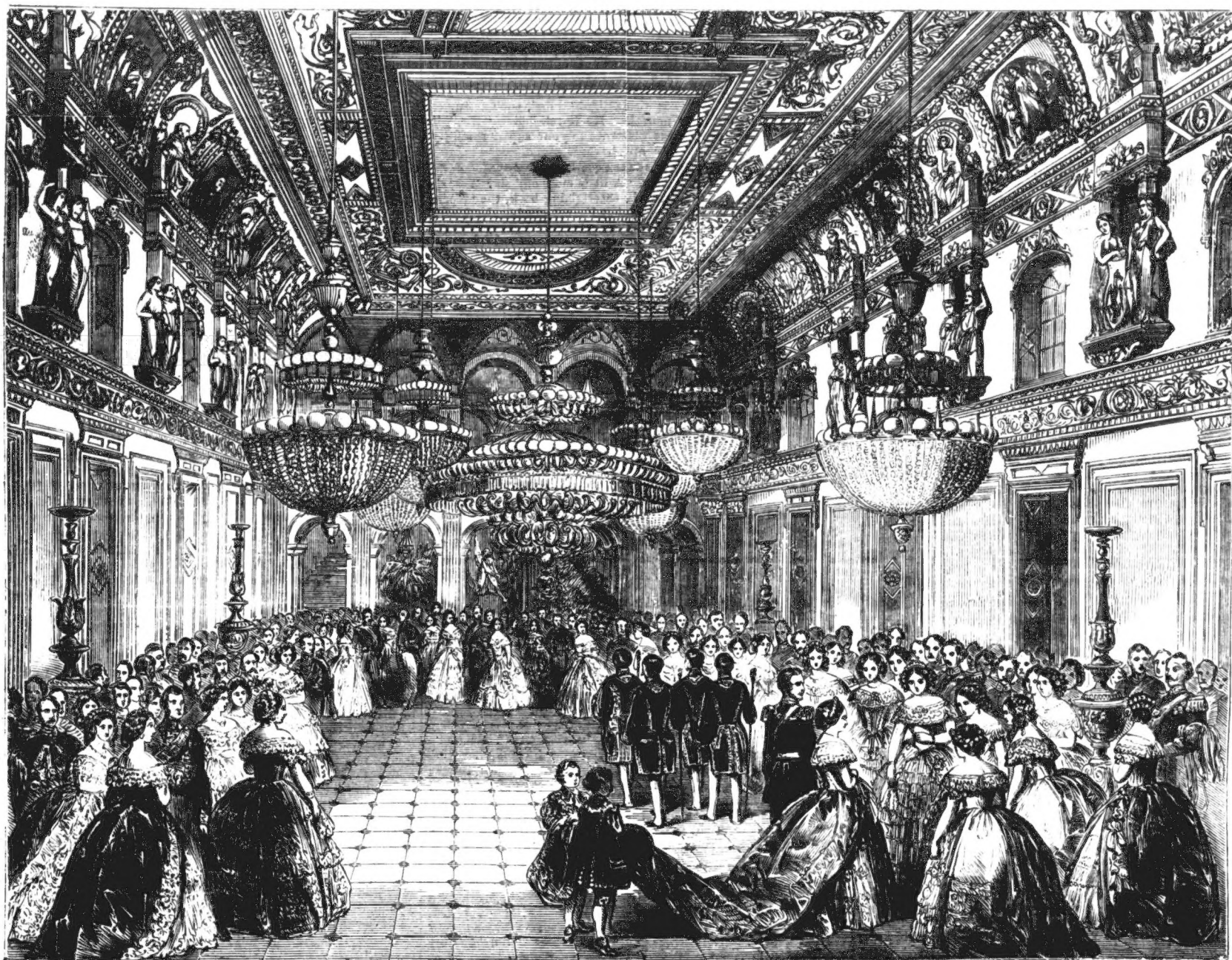
This event was celebrated with unusual brilliancy on Friday, the 22nd inst. Berlin was splendidly illuminated. The most brilliant display was made at the hotel of the English Embassy. The illumination at the Austrian Embassy also attracted great attention. It consisted of the following words in illuminated

letters, taken from a popular German song:—"Heil dir im Siegeskranz" (Hail to thee! laurel-crowned victor).

It has since been announced that the illumination over the Austrian Embassy on the King of Prussia's birthday, consisting of the words "Heil dir im Siegeskranz," was displayed by the proprietor of the house, Baron Romberg, and not by the Austrian minister.

A Parliamentary banquet was also given in celebration of the king's birthday. Members of all the political parties in the North German Parliament were present. The health of the king was proposed by Herr Simson, who in his speech dwelt especially upon the mission of the Hohenzollerns, which was, he said, to create one people and one State out of the different German races.

Congratulatory telegrams were received by the King of Prussia



THE CELEBRATION OF THE BIRTHDAY OF THE KING OF PRUSSIA—THE POLONAISE AT THE WHITEHALL, BERLIN.

from nearly all the European Courts, including those of Paris and St. Petersburg.

At the birthday reception at the Royal Palace, of which we give two illustrations, the King addressed, both to the French and English ambassadors, but especially to the former, in reply to their congratulations, words expressing the most friendly assurances of peace.

King William has addressed the following letter to Dr. Von Munder, the Minister for Public Worship:—

"King Frederick William III., my beloved father, now resting in God, desired, as far back as the close of the war of liberation, to erect, to the honour of God and for the assembly of the Christian community, a more handsome edifice in the place of the old cathedral at Berlin, as a visible token of thankfulness for the assistance given by the Lord in a season of pressing need. The circumstances of the time only permitted the idea to be carried out to an insufficient extent; but it has been handed down as a permanent and constantly-recurring admonition to succeeding generations. King Frederick William IV. again took up the idea, but his magnificent plan could not be prosecuted, owing to the obstacles presented by events.

"At the close of this year of my life, in which I and, with me, my people, after new and arduous struggles, again thank God for so many mercies, and for the restoration of peace, the desire is manifested anew to give common lasting expression by such a work to the gratitude we joyfully acknowledge with heart and lips. I again take up the plan for building a new cathedral, worthy of the metropolis, upon the site now occupied by the present edifice, and I await further detailed proposals from you as to the execution of this design. (Signed) "WILLIAM."

"Berlin, March 21, 1867."

PARLIAMENTARY SUMMARY.

CHURCH RATES.

On the 20th inst. Mr. Harcourt's Bill, for the Abolition of Church Rates, was read a second time by 263 to 187, the largest majority that has been obtained for several years. Immediately after the division, the indefatigable Mr. Newdegate moved the second reading of his Church Rates Commutation Bill; but was defeated by a majority of 132. The third bill on the same subject was postponed.

TRADES' UNIONS BILL.

In committee on the above bill on Thursday week Earl de Grey objected to the reference to assistant commissioners. Lord Cranworth considered that the scope of the inquiry was not sufficiently defined by the Bill. The Lord Chancellor and Lord Belmont gave explanations, and the clauses were agreed to without division, except clause 4, relating to the indemnity to be granted by the commissioners to witnesses, which, after being amended at the instance of Lord Grey, by withholding indemnity in cases of perjury, was finally adopted by a majority of 52 to 19.

REFORM, &c. &c.

In the Commons the same evening the Government were asked between fifty and sixty questions on Reform and other matters.

COMMANDER YORKE, R.N.

Mr. Hanbury Tracy, the member for Montgomery, who has seen some active service in the navy, wished to know why Lieutenant Yorke, a son of the Earl of Hardwicke, had been promoted over the heads of a large number of senior officers. Sir J. Pakington defended his appointment as strictly within previous precedents, and alleged the necessity of occasionally departing from the seniority principle, in order to infuse new blood into the higher ranks of the navy. He justified it also by pointing to three similar promotions by the Duke of Somerset, of Lieutenant Graham, Lieutenant Wood (both sons of former colleagues), and of Lieutenant Fitzalan, each of whom had served a shorter time than Lieutenant Yorke. The gallant young officer was presented at the levee on Friday week by his noble father on his promotion.

THE NAVY ESTIMATES.

After a good deal of talk on these estimates, the chairman was ordered, at midnight, to report progress. The house was counted out a few minutes before two on Friday morning week.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND IN THE COLONIES.

On Friday, the 23rd, there was an interesting discussion on the above subject in the Lords. Petitions were presented from several colonies by Lords Harrowby and Carnarvon. The Archbishop of Canterbury pointed out the difficulties attaching to the question of the connexion between the home and the colonial Churches, and the various opinions that exist upon the point. He believed that the best security for continued union between the Churches was unity of doctrine and discipline. The Royal supremacy in ecclesiastical matters did not extend to the colonies, although appeals upon such matters might be heard by the Privy Council, but only as coming through the civil courts of the colonies. The Duke of Buckingham said he hoped shortly to be able to propose to his colleagues a Bill upon this important question.

UNDER-SECRETARY OF STATE FOR SCOTLAND.

The Scotch law officers have not been so successful in obtaining or retaining seats in the House of Commons as the English and Irish law officers. As neither the Lord Advocate nor the Solicitor-General for Scotland have seats in the House, Scotch business is pretty nearly at a standstill. To obviate this state of things, Mr. Baxter and other Scotch members recommended the appointment of an Under-Secretary of State to take charge of Scotch business. Mr. Walpole agreed that it was impossible for the Home Secretary to conduct Scotch business in the absence of the Lord Advocate, and promised to take the suggestion into consideration.

ANOTHER NEW ORDER OF MERIT.

The Irish consular officers certainly performed their duty during the recent disturbances in a very efficient manner. The Government will ask for a special vote of £2,000 to reward the men, and will give good-conduct badges, which will give the holder a slight increase of pay. Mr. Monell thought the men deserved the Victoria Cross, and Mr. Bagwell suggested that there should be an Order of Merit peculiar to the force.

THE "POET" YOUNG.

Mr. O'Reilly sharply attacked the recent grant of a pension to Mr. R. Young, "agricultural and historical poet," creating great amusement by reading specimens of his doggerel rhymes. Mr. Disraeli, in a lively and witty speech, defended Lord Derby's nomination, explaining that he had acted on the recommendation of the Protestant and Roman Catholic Bishops, of Lord Dufferin and Lord Cremorne, and a host of local potentates.

THE REFORM BILL.

On Monday there was another very large assembly in the Commons, every seat being taken before the arrival of the Speaker. Numerous questions were asked and notices given relating to the Reform Bill. The most important of these was a notice given by Lord Elcho, on behalf of Lord Grosvenor, of an amendment in committee fixing the borough franchise at £5 rating. Sir E. Dering gave notice of his intention to move the reduction of the county franchise to £12 rating, and Mr. R. Buck promised to move to reduce the term of rating to six months, and to introduce a Lodger franchise. On the motion for the second reading a long debate ensued, the principal speakers being Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Gathorne Hardy, Lord Amberley, Mr. Roebuck, and the Solicitor-General, who made a very telling speech. The debate was resumed on Tuesday, and the Bill, after a good deal more talk, was read a second time, and stands for committee on the 8th of April.

ODD GOSSIP ABOUT STRANGE PLACES.

"THE BARBARIUM."

THE Barbarium is an institution turned into very plain English. The barbarium is a shop where her Majesty's liege men may get their hair cut for sixpence, and be shaved and curled for half that moderate sum. The proprietor is fond of saying that he attends to the heads of the nation, but his patrons, for the sake of his virtues, forgive him his mild jokes, and are a little blind to his faults. Mr. Tongs is not a tall man. He would describe himself as being about the medium height; he has dark hair and eyes; and is considered good-looking by his friends. The innocent vanity and partiality for big words which induced Tongs to call his second-rate barber's shop a barbarium, characterise all his actions. To him a mutton chop and pint of porter are a banquet, muffins, porridge, and tea, a feast fit for a king; his insignificant gains are a small fortune; his barber's pole is the insignium of his art; his scissors are the instruments of manipulation; he lives in an atmosphere of exaggeration and grandiloquence, anecdote, quotation, and gossip generally.

Ever since men took to curtailing the dimensions of what Tongs would call their hirsute appendages, barbers have been looked upon as garrulous beings. The famous barber in the "Arabian Nights" imagined himself to be a silent man, though he was in reality the most inveterate chatterer that ever lived. The proprietor of the barbarium, which, for the information of an anxious public, we may state is situated in the west-central district, served his apprenticeship in France. He was four years with a *coiffeur* in the Rue de la Paix, and speaks Parisian French with tolerable accuracy, priding himself on his accent. He then worked for a Bond-street hair-dresser, and, when he had saved sufficient money, he mounted his hobby-horse and installed himself in his barbarium, which from four to seven is a lounge for many men who like to see the evening paper, and indulge in the cheap luxury of a threepenny curl, or the still cheaper one, a chat with Tongs.

Our barber is deeply read. All his evenings, he closes at nine invariably, are passed with his pipe and his books—wife he has none. The steadiest of old bachelors is Tongs. Let us drop in upon him at five o'clock on a fine afternoon. There are several people in the barbarium. Tongs is wielding the scissors with his accustomed skill. He favours as with a dignified nod, such as Jupiter might vouchsafe to a mere mortal. He is talking. "Sir," he says, "I maintain with all due deference to your superior ability, that joy and sorrow are nearly allied."

"Il n'y a rien plus pres du rire que des larmes."

as our French friends would say. "A little more off, sir? Yes, sir. Now, what do we read in that truly entertaining book, the 'Noctes Ambrosianae'? Why, sir, we read—but I'm not good at the Scotch, and can neither talk nor 'boo' like Sir Pertinax Macsycophant—we read:—

"And this world, ye ken, sir, and nane kens better, was made for Grief as weel as for Joy. Grief and Joy, unlike as they appear in face and figure, are nevertheless sisters, and by Fate and Destiny their vera lives depend on one and the same eternal Law. Were Grief banished frae this life, Joy wad soon dwine awa' into the resemblance of her departed Soror. Ay, her face wad soon be whiter and mair wo-begone, and they wad soon be buried side by side in ae grave."

"Touched your ear, sir? 'A snip of the scissors,' sir? Impossible! That shows the force of the imagination. My mother, poor soul, fell a victim to a hyper-vivid imagination. 'How was that, sir? Why, she heard a German playing the French horn so execrably in the High-street of our village, that she thought it was the sound of the last trumpet, and immediately proceeded to drown herself. Fact, sir? 'My wit?' Oh! no. Do you remember what Sydney Smith said about wit, sir? 'No!' Ah, memory can't always serve. He said, 'When wit is combined with sense and information; when it is softened by benevolence, and restrained by strong principle; when it is in the hands of a man who can use it and despise it, who can be witty, and something much better than witty, who loves honour, justice, decency, good-nature, morality, and religion ten thousand times better than wit—wit is then a beautiful and delightful part of our nature.'"

"Neat, isn't it? Well, he goes on. 'Genuine and innocent wit is surely the flavour of the mind! Man could direct his ways by plain reason, and support his life by tasteless food; but God has given us wit, and flavour, and brightness, and laughter, and perfumes, to enliven the day of man's pilgrimage, and to 'charm his pained steps over the burning marl.'"

"The flavour of the mind! There's an idea! That will do, sir. Sixpence. Thank you. Who is the next gentleman?"

The next person who occupied the seat of honour was a young gentleman, probably from one of the Inns of Court. He had a forensic appearance, and began a conversation by complimenting Tongs upon his appearance. "Thank you, sir," returned Tongs; "my general health is good. I have nothing to complain of, but I understand the secret of longevity."

"When hungry, of the best I eat,
And dry and warm I keep my feet;
I screen my head from sun and rain,
And let few cares perplex my brain."

Every man is born with a certain stock of vitality, which cannot be increased, but may be husbanded. With this stock he may live fast or slow—may live extensively or intensively—may draw his little amount of life over a large space, or narrow it into a contracted one; but when this stock is exhausted, he has no more. He who lives extensively drinks pure water, avoids all inflammatory diseases, exercises sufficiently, but not too laboriously, indulges no exhausting passions, feeds on no exciting material, pursues no debilitating pleasures, avoids all laborious and protracted study, preserves an easy mind, and thus husbands his quantum of vitality. It is the race that kills, sir. What makes the flower of our *Jeunesse*

dore die off, like mellow pears in autumn? The pace. They live too fast. It is the fault of the present age, the besetting sin of our generation.

"I am contented and happy."

"Yes, sir; you are quite correct in that supposition; and why? Because I will not entertain care. *Atra cura* knows she is not a welcome guest in my little establishment, and she goes away. It is kept well swept and garnished for the reception of mirth. You are, perhaps, aware, sir, that Leigh Hunt, whose autobiography is my *café menu*, was imprisoned in the Queen's Bench for two years for writing a political libel."

"What did he do?"

"We have what I am going to say on his own authority:—'I papered the walls with a trellis of roses; I had the ceiling coloured with clouds and sky; the barred windows I screened with Venetian blinds; and when my bookcases were set up, with their busts, and flowers, and a pianoforte made their appearance, perhaps there was not a handsomer room on that side the water. I took a pleasure, when a stranger knocked at the door, to see him come in and stare about him. The surprise on issuing from the Borough, and passing through the avenues of a jail, was dramatic. Charles Lamb declared there was no other such room except in a fairy tale.'"

"A strange name! do you call mine, sir?"

"Not at all. 'What's in a name?' as the immortal bard has it. For our names our god mothers and fathers are responsible. What is Isaac in the Hebrew?—Laughter. What is Mary?—Is it not derived from a word in the same language, signifying bitterness. So may Tongs, in Syro-Phœnician or the lost Chaldaic characters, signify a king, or, at least, a genial fellow."

This well merited reproof, cooled the loquacious ardour of Mr. Tongs's customer, and he said nothing more, sitting down quietly under his snubbing.

The next customer was a man of about five-and-thirty. He and Tongs were on terms of intimacy. I could see that the barber was curious to hear him speak, and it turned out that the gentleman was a journalist, and generally well posted up in the latest news.

"What's going on, sir?" inquired Tongs.

"I don't know; but I hope you are," answered the customer.

"Ah!" exclaimed Tongs, with a very grave shake of the head, "that was an apt reply of poor Jerrold."

"Literary piracy, sir, is objectionable—highly objectionable."

Tongs was offended, and remained silent for a brief space, though it cost him a supreme effort to do so. His customer looked out of the window into the street. Suddenly, he cried, "That was a pretty woman who just passed. Very neat. Nicely dressed, too."

"The female to whom you allude, sir, was not observed by me," replied Tongs. "With regard to her dress, do you know what constitutes a well-dressed woman?"

"None of your amalgamations of colours which bring about perambulating rainbows."

"What did the great lexicographer say upon that subject?"

"Why, sir, Dr. Johnson, speaking of a lady who was celebrated for dressing well, remarked—'The best evidence that I can give you of her perfection in this respect is, that one can never remember what she had on.' Delicacy of feeling in a lady will prevent her putting on anything calculated to attract notice."

"Ah!" replied the customer, "you are doubtless very profound; but you are a confirmed bachelor, Tongs, and no woman will ever make you a terrestrial heaven. Still it is well to exclaim with Wallenstein's Thecla—

"Ich habe galebs und geliebtes,
Ich habe lived and loved."

"It's habit, sir, habit—nothing but habit," replied Tongs, heaving a deep sigh, as if the winged god had once hit him rather hard in the region of the heart. "What does Sydney Smith say on that subject?"

"Habit uniformly and constantly strengthens all our active exertions; whatever we do often, we become more and more apt to do. A snuff-taker begins with a pinch of snuff per day, and ends with a pound or two every month. Swearing begins in anger; it ends by mingling itself with ordinary conversation. Such like instances are of too common notoriety to need that they be adduced; but, as I before observed, at the very time that the tendency to do the thing is every day increasing, the pleasure resulting from it is, by the blunted sensibility of the bodily organ, diminished; and the desire is irresistible, though the gratification is nothing. There is, rather an entertaining example of this in Fielding's 'Life of Jonathan Wild,' in that scene where he is represented as playing at cards with the Count, a professed gambler. 'Such,' says Mr. Fielding, 'was the power of habit over the minds of these illustrious persons, that Mr. Wild could not keep his hands out of the Count's pockets, though he knew they were empty; nor could the Count abstain from palming a card, though he was well aware that Mr. Wild had no money to pay him.'"

"A little of the *Pomade Hongroise* for your moustache? It's inimitable. The right whisker's a little long, sir; allow me to clip it. Will the next gentleman kindly take possession of the vacant chair?"

It is now our turn. We step up, and are soon enveloped in the calice wrapper. Mr. Tongs has grown tired of his philosophical conversation or exhausted his *repertoire*—he becomes political. The Ministry, in his opinion, was shaky; a further extension of the franchise was imperatively required. The millions were unrepresented, and he was in favour of a £15 rating franchise in counties. "Household suffrage, sir, is what we must come to," he says. "We must also have a lodger franchise. Duality of voting is iniquitous and absurd. How my respected friend, the late Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Gladstone—I used to cut the hair which grows upon his intellectual head, sir, in days gone by—annihilated the hierarchy of the Asian mystery! Listen to me, sir. Mr. Gladstone said—'This dual voting is in the first place a gigantic engine of fraud that nothing can control. And, besides being a gigantic engine of frauds, this dual vote is a great deal more. It is a proclamation of a war of classes—it is the first measure in the war of classes. Talk of the British constitution!—the author of this dual vote is the man who strikes at the British constitution. Well, the dual vote is dead already; the lodger franchise is coming; and behind the lodger franchise come the broad consequences which must follow from enfranchisement of the peasantry in what you choose to call boroughs, but which are little towns. Sir, that is a very extensive change. It may be that the Bill does not contain provisions for such a change; but, so far as we can see, it looks as if it would assume that form. I am convinced that these safeguards must go, and I am confident that the lodger franchise must come in.' Is not that fine, sir? How he talks of 'gigantic engines,' and 'wars of classes'! How grand—how sublime! I could almost find it in my heart to cut his hair for nothing!"

When Mr. Tongs had completed his work, as far as I was concerned, I did not feel altogether sorry. Tongs is apt at times to degenerate into a bore. It is possible to have too much of a good

Eno. Not if the small come first.' "

HENCHFORTH no one will doubt the valuable properties of Du Barry's
 health-restoring Revalenta Arabica Invalids' and Infants' Food, since to the
 blessings it has received from local and foreign physicians was devoted the hope-
 less case of the late Sir John Holliness the Pater, whose health has been com-
 pletely restored by it after years of unsuccessful medical treatment. We quote
 from the *Gazette du Midi*—"Rome, July 21, 1866.—The health of the Holy
 Father is excellent, especially since, abandoning all other remedies, he has
 confined himself entirely to Du Barry's Revalenta Arabica Food, of which he
 consumes a plateful at every meal. It has produced a surprisingly beneficial
 effect on his health, and his Holiness cannot praise this excellent food too
 highly." This delicious Food restores good appetite, perfect digestion,
 strong nerves, sound lungs and liver, refreshing sleep, functional regularity
 and energy, to the most disordered or enfeebled, curing speedily and
 effectually indigestion (dyspepsia), habitual constipation, diarrhoea, hemor-
 rhoids, liver complaints, flatulency, nervousness, biliousness, all kinds of
 croup, sore throats, catarrhs, colds, influenza, noises in the head and ears,
 rheumatism, gout, impurities of the blood, eruptions, hysteria, neuralgia,
 irritability, sleeplessness, low spirits, despondency, spleen, acidity, palpi-
 tation of the heart, heartburn, headache, debility, dropsy, cramps, spasms,
 anæmia and vomiting even in pregnancy, sinking fits, cough, asthma, bron-
 chitis, consumption, scrofula, tightness of the chest, pains at the pit of the
 stomach, between the shoulders, &c., atrophy, or wasting away of the body
 in old and young, saving fifty times its cost in other remedies. We extract
 a few more out of more than 68,000 cures.—The Marchioness de Brehan, of
 seven years' liver complaint, wasting away, debility, nervousness, with a
 nervous palpitation, bad digestion, sleeplessness, and nervous agitation.
 June No. 1, 771: Lord Stuart de Decles, Lord of the Manor of Watford, of
 many years' dyspepsia. No. 49,832: "Fifty years' indescribable agony from
 dyspepsia, nervousness, indigestion, flatulency, constipation, flatulency, spasms,
 sickness, and vomiting."—"Marta Joly." Care No. 46,740: Mr. James Mac-
 donald, aged 30 years, diseased lungs, spitting of blood, liver
 derangement, and partial deafness. Care No. 54,816: The Rev. James T.
 Campbell, Fakenham, Norfolk, of "indigestion and torpidity of the liver
 which had resisted all medical treatment." In this it is 144, 11b., p. 93.,
 above, 4d. and 50th, 11a.; 144th, 22d.; 24th, 30c.—BARRY DE BARRY and
 Co., No. 77, Regent-street, London; and all Grocers and Chemists.—Important
 Caution.—Beware of the many unscrupulous and more than sloppy
 imitations to which, without authority, Baron Leod's name is wantonly
 audaciously attached.

THE TOURIST.—ARUNDEL CASTLE.

Now that spring has set in, and notwithstanding the weather is far from genial, we shall soon be looking forward to our country tours to compensate us for the severe winter just past. From time to time we shall give illustrations, and point out places of interest where a visit can be paid with pleasure and advantage. For instance, here is Arundel Castle, which lies convenient on the London and South-Coast line; and from "Black's Guide" we extract the following particulars:—

"We must go very far back, indeed, into the shadows and mists of the past to trace the origin of Arundel Castle. That the keep was built by Saxon hands we cannot doubt; but whether by the great Alfred, our hero-king, or by the stout Earl Godwin, it is impossible to determine. The manor of Arundel, at least, belonged to both. King Alfred bequeathed it to his son Adhelm, and it afterwards passed into the hands of that great Earl who is constantly rebuked the weak soul of Edward the Confessor. After the famous battle of Hastings, the Castle—for some fortification, assuredly, then existed—was given by the liberal Conqueror (and not the Castle alone, but a rich earldom with some fifty thousand acres of good Sussex land) to one of his bravest captains, a wealthy Norman knight, Roger de Monte Gomerio, Englished into Roger de Montgomery. From that time to this the earldom has been considered as 'appurtenant and belonging to the Castell of Arundell.'"

"Roger de Montgomery was not insensible to the picturesque beauties of this delightful spot, and resided here until his death in 1094. As Augustus is said to have found Rome 'brick,' and to have left it 'marble,' so the Earl Roger found Arundel Castle nothing better than a square massive keep, and left it a formidable stronghold. The dungeon and the south-eastern front are supposed to have been erected by him. The third Earl, Robert de Belesme, rebelling against Henry I., further strengthened its defences; and the Castle was strong enough, some few years later, to defy the army of King Stephen, and ensure safety to the person of the Empress Matilda, his implacable rival."

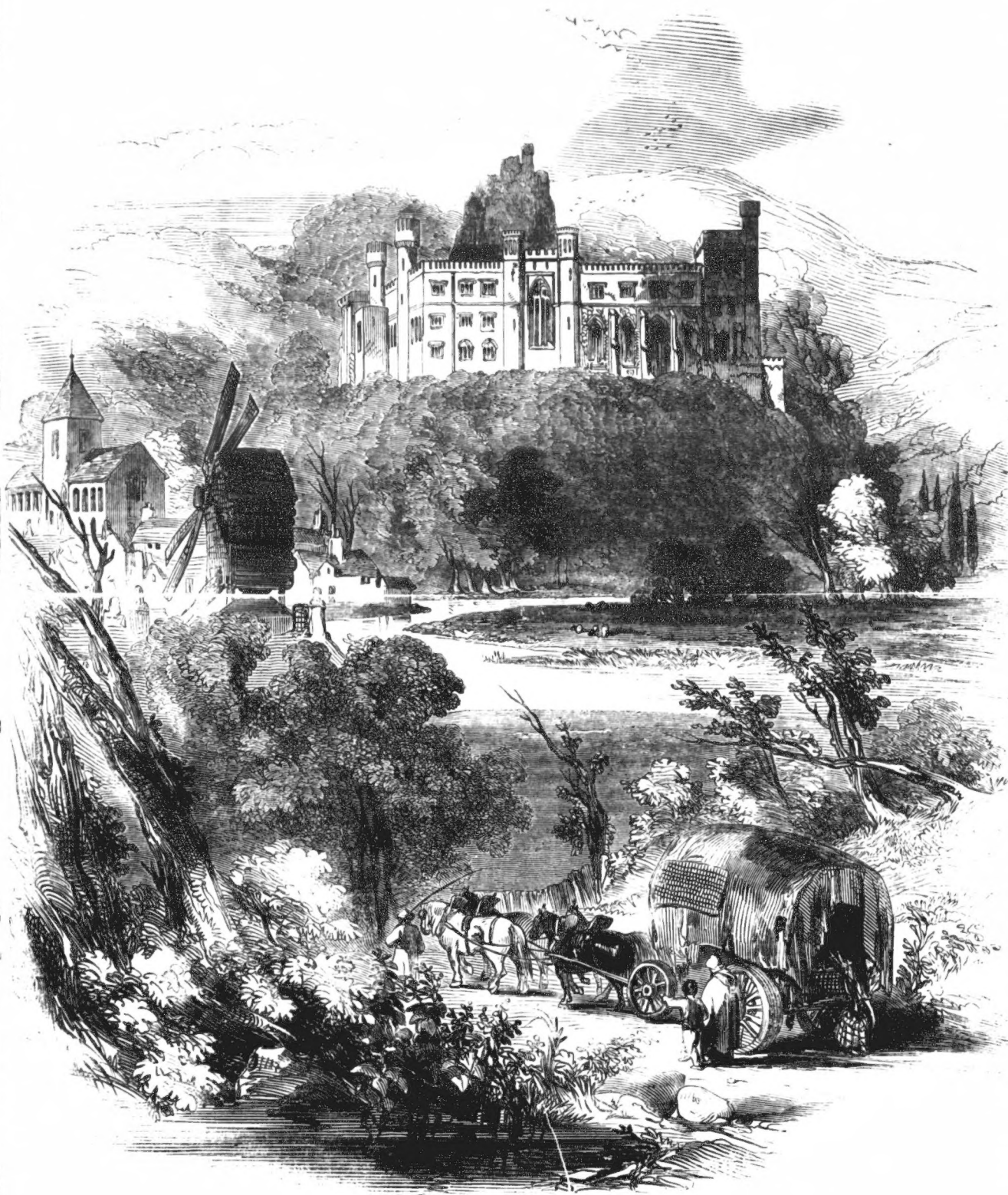
"The Lord of Arundel, at this time (A.D. 1139), was William de Albini, the second husband of King Henry's widow, Adeliza. In the old chronicles he is spoken of as William-with-the-Strong-Hand, a laudatory epithet he acquired through a deed of almost incredible daring. Once upon a time, the Queen of France, then a widow, being enamoured of a gallant and comely knight of her own nation, and believing—as all lady-loves believe of their lovers—that no one could equal him in manly sports and valiant actions (and discerning that could she compel the world to see him with her eyes, and to admit him to be so illustrious a knight, then truly she might wed him without shame), decreed a tournament at Paris, and proffered notable prizes to all who acquitted themselves in it with honour. Among the knights who hastened to this great Festival of Lances was brave William de Albini, and there he behaved himself with such exceeding prowess that he attracted the attention of the Queen. In those times, beauty was readily won by valour, and the Queen, scorning her conquered lover, offered the Albini costly jewels, and more precious than jewels, her royal hand. But the Earl being betrothed to the fair Queen Adeliza, rejected the lady's proffer, whereupon she was much angered, and resolved to be avenged."

"So she persuaded him to walk with her into a certain garden, and led him into a cave, where there was a fierce lion, which she pretended she was desirous of showing him. 'He is very fierce,' said she, tauntingly. 'Women, not men,' retorted the Earl, 'may fear his temper.' Suddenly she closed a folding door upon him, and remorselessly left him to a dreadful fate. But he, wrapping his cloak around his arm, went boldly up to the lion, thrust his hand into his mouth, and plucked out his tongue. Then, return-

ing into the palace, he prevailed upon a maid of honour to present it to the baffled queen."

"So when William de Albini returned to England, the lion was placed upon his shield, and men agreed to call him 'William-with-the-Strong-Hand.'"

"From the Albinis this famous Castle passed into the hands of the Fitzalans—the male line of the Albinis terminating with the Earl Hugh in 1243—and Isabel de Albini, his sister, marrying the Fitzalan of Oswaldestre. A notable race were the Fitzalans, and progenitors of the royal family of Scotland—the ill-fated Stuarts! This Fitzalan, the fortunate possessor of the great Earldom of Arundel and its magnificent estates, was not unworthy to wear the honours of the brave Albinis. In the wars of Henry III. with his barons, he played no inconsiderable part, and was one of the most powerful adherents of that monarch. In the bloody battle of Lewes he fought very valiantly, but the victory fell to the barons, and Arundel was taken prisoner. To trace up the noble deeds of the Fitzalans and the Norfolks to the present time would fill volumes. We have simply space to allude to the castle again."



ARUNDEL CASTLE.

"The Castle of Arundel has a magnificent presence like that of one of the stout old barons who once filled its halls with chivalry and beauty. It stands on a well-wooded eminence, and looks down into the placid waters of the Arun gently flowing through sedge and flowers in its very shadow. Passing onwards, the eye rests upon the ancient town lying in the adjacent valley, upon its tall spires and fantastic roofs, and sweeps in the distance the waters of the purple sea. All around and about the Castle is the leafiness of venerable elms and the majesty of stalwart oaks—old enough and stout enough they seem to have waved their branches to the wind when an Albini or a Fitzalan rode by."

"The principal points of interest at Arundel consists, however, of comparatively modern features. From the siege of it by Waller and his Roundheads until the accession to the title of the eleventh duke,

"Its huge old halls of knightly state
Dismantled lay and desolate."

He, however, determined to render it worthy of the ancient earldom, and to restore it to its pristine glory; a noble labour, in which he occupied himself from 1786 to 1815. In twenty-nine years he spent, it is said, upwards of £600,000. The great Quadrangle,

with its fine bas-relief of King Alfred instituting Trial by Jury, designed by Rossi; the Baronial Chapel, with its buttresses and pinnacles, and quaint foliage in stone; the Barons' Hall, a magnificent banquet-chamber, exquisitely finished; the Library, and its sculptured windows, its Gothic roof, its columned recesses—a splendid apartment, 117 feet in length by 35 in width; the great drawing-room, with its panoramic views of the valley of the Arun, and its portraits of the dead, are the more remarkable additions which witness to the fine taste and noble liberality of the duke who designed them."

"The Barons' Hall is intended to commemorate the signal victory won by the bold barons over a weak monarch at Runnymede, when that great charter was signed which is the title-deed to our inheritance of English freedom. Seventy-one feet in length, and thirty-five in breadth; its roof of Spanish chestnut, elaborately carved with curious figures; its thirteen blazoned windows, rich in glowing hues, portraying each some grand old baron, and one magnificent window, representing the ratification of the charter by King John in the presence of Cardinal Pandolfo, Cardinal Langton,

Almeric, the Master of the Knights-Templars, Baron Fitzwalter, and a throng of peers and prelates; one may wander through this haunted hall like a poet lost in a glorious dream, and tread with silent reverence the boards chequered by purple diamonds where the light falls through each painted pane. This triumphal chamber was inaugurated on the 15th of June, 1815—three days before the battle of Waterloo, and on the 600th anniversary of the consecration of English liberty. Twenty-two illustrious men, kith and kin of the Howards, were among the 300 guests present upon this occasion."

THE THREATENED STRIKE OF ENGINE-DRIVERS.—The concessions made by several railway companies to the demands preferred by engine-drivers and firemen in their service have not, as it proves, been in all cases sufficiently acceptable to the men, and the danger of a strike survives as more than a possibility for some lines. In reply to the circular on this subject, issued by the directors of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, the deputation of engine-drivers and firemen in that company's employ have sent to the board a statement which is summed up by an expression of regret "that, as the case at present stands, the omission of any allusion to the mileage and shed days, and the proposal of the directors on hours and wages, are not at all satisfactory, and they cannot consent to work under them." As regards the question of time, the men state explicitly that their desire is to work day by day, as nearly as possible, ten hours; and in cases where that must be exceeded, that their overtime shall count

by the excess daily, and not by the excess over sixty hours weekly. As to the question of pay, they insist that no incompetent or inexperienced man should be employed to drive an engine, and that for a man thoroughly qualified they think 7s. 6d. a day is not extravagant remuneration. The board of the North-Eastern Railway received a deputation of their men at York, on Friday week, and did not succeed in adjusting the dispute. Although the directors consented to limit the hours of work as desired, they would not concede the advance asked for in the rate of wages; so the threatened resignations are expected. The men on the Great Eastern line are to submit their claims formally to the direction of that company. Sir Daniel Gooch, chairman of the Great Western Railway Company, has met the demands addressed to his board in the most conciliatory spirit, and all matters of dispute on that line have been amicably arranged. The ten hours a day limit has been conceded, and all overtime is to be paid for. The demand for increased wages is withdrawn. The memorial of the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway Company's drivers and firemen has been sent in to the board, and the superintendent of the line has appointed the 30th inst. (to-day) to receive a deputation to discuss the claims advanced.



ENGLISH RECRUITS.

EXTRAORDINARY DIVORCE CASE.

BOOT V. BOOT.—The petitioner, Charlotte Boot, prayed to be judicially separated from her husband, Richard Webster Boot, a clergyman of the Church of England, on the ground of his adultery with Eliza Brenton. The respondent denied the charge.

The Queen's Advocate and Dr. Tristram appeared for the petitioner. The respondent conducted his case in person.

The petitioner was the daughter of Mr. George Smith, a gentleman of property and a magistrate in Cornwall, and in 1859 she married the respondent, who was then, as he is still, perpetual curate of Pez Beth, near Dudley, in Staffordshire. He received no fortune with his wife, but from the time of the marriage down to 1865 her father assisted them by frequent advances of money. They cohabited at the parsonage at Pez Beth, and had four children, of whom one is dead. In August, 1863, Eliza Brenton, a young girl, who was then between thirteen and fourteen years of age, entered their service as nurserymaid, and remained until the end of 1864. Previously to her leaving, Mrs. Boot had to complain of her husband's attentions to her, but no serious suspicions were aroused until, in the course of 1865, certain letters were found in a cash-box, about the safe custody of which the respondent had written to his wife in terms of anxiety. At this time he was away from home, owing to his circumstances having become embarrassed, and was accompanied, as it afterwards turned out, by Eliza Brenton. The letters, which were addressed to the respondent, were all in Eliza Brenton's handwriting, and extended from May or June, 1865, to nearly the end of the year. In one, dated June 25, she thus wrote:

"My very dear, dear Minister.—I hope you are quite well. I have looked at your portrait several times. It is very pleasant to love, and be loved in return. I shall be glad to see you, for I know you love me. I kiss your *carte de visite*, and try to think it is yourself. You know I love you very dearly. I hope Mrs. Boot and the children are quite well. My mother and all are quite well. You know how I am myself," &c.

The other letters were couched in much the same terms, and some were addressed "My own, my dearest Ebby"—a pet name of the respondent—and were signed, "Your very loving and affectionate Issy." In one she expressed a great desire to hear the respondent preach—a wish, the Queen's Advocate added, in which others might share, but for very different reasons. Inquiries were then instituted, and the result was the discovery of circumstances which convinced the petitioner that her husband had been for a considerable time carrying on an adulterous intercourse with Eliza Brenton.

In support of the petition, a fellow-servant, Jane Dunstan, deposed that the respondent and Eliza Brenton used to sit up together at the parsonage, and that on one night she found him in her bed-room, Eliza Brenton being then undressed. It was also proved that in September, 1865, he passed some nights with her at a hotel at King's-cross, where they passed as father and daughter, and occupied separate bed-rooms; that in the following October they were at Havre, sleeping in a double-bedded room at the Hotel de l'Europe, and still passing as father and daughter; and that in December they lived together at Brighton, but occupied separate bed-rooms. The respondent then went to America alone, and returned in the following March, when he lived for a short time in a small house rented by Eliza Brenton's mother at Dudley. A chambermaid at the Hotel de l'Europe deposed that, on the occasion of the visit of the respondent and Eliza Brenton, one of the beds in the room occupied by them was not used; but

she admitted, on cross-examination by the respondent, that when he and Eliza Brenton arrived there, the house was very full.

The respondent, in stating his case to the jury, admitted that he had been guilty of an indiscretion in taking as a companion on his tour the "poor fatherless child," whom he should call before them, impressing on them that she was now not more than 17 years of age, and stated that the regard which he entertained for her was the result of the attention which for six months she paid, to the injury of her own health, to his "poor child now in heaven." He added that at the time his own embarrassments, which culminated in bankruptcy, had brought him to such a state of mind that he felt he could not safely travel alone, and that he could get no one else to accompany him. He called

Eliza Brenton, a small, fair girl, who scarcely looked her age, and who at once entered the witness-box. Her appearance excited much interest, and her examination by the respondent, who always addressed her as "My child," while she invariably replied "Papa," was listened to in almost profound silence. Her bearing was calm and collected; her answers were of the most direct kind; and when, in the course of cross-examination, she became confused as to dates, it was only for a moment. She deposed on her examination and cross-examination that on leaving the parsonage in January, 1865, Mr. Boot placed her at school at Malvern; that in March he called and took her to Cheltenham, where they spent the night at the Plough Hotel, occupying a double-bedded room, and passing as father and daughter; that she then called him "Papa" for the first time at his request; that she afterwards accompanied him to London, then to Havre (where they occupied the same room), to Paris, and then to Brighton; that in April, 1866, he placed her at school at Brill, near Oxford, where he occasionally visited her; that he also stopped for a short time at her mother's house; that last Christmas she accompanied him to London, and they occupied the same lodgings in the Waterloo-road; that he then placed her at a school at Nuneaton, where she still continues; and that he paid all her school expenses, and also provided her with dresses. In answer to the question from the respondent, "Was there at any time, under any circumstances, anything improper between us?" she answered, promptly and quickly, "No, never." The respondent also wished to ask her a question in respect of a promise by him to her father on his deathbed in 1864, but it was not allowed to be put. It also appeared, from a letter written by the respondent to Mr. Smith, that in 1865 Eliza Brenton had undergone an examination by a medical man. In this letter he stated that the result of the examination was to establish his innocence, but no proof was now offered on the point.

Mr. Boot then addressed the jury, and implored them not to blast the character of Eliza Brenton, or to add to the misery of his aged mother, who was at that moment probably on her knees praying that their verdict might vindicate his innocence.

The Queen's Advocate, in reply, urged that the respondent had added to his guilt by tutoring the poor girl whom he had ruined to swear to what it was impossible to believe, and pointed out that at the very time he was expending so much money upon her, his wife and children were dependent for their support on her father's bounty.

His Lordship, in summing up, commented on the theatrical appeal made to them by the respondent, but counselled them, if they fairly could, to put a charitable construction on his conduct, and to see if it could be consistent with innocence. He pointed out that the letters referred to were written by Eliza Brenton after the visit to Cheltenham, and that they were of a character which should have caused the respondent to be careful of his intercourse with

her. According to his own suggestion, he had promised her dying father to watch over her as a child, and he had fulfilled his promise by making her a partner in his rambles, and the sharer of a common bed-room, she being then a girl of sixteen years of age. A story which carried less of innocence with it than that which he had told was seldom heard, but it was for the jury to say whether they believed it.

The jury, without leaving the box, found that the respondent had committed adultery with Eliza Brenton as alleged.

THE EASTER VOLUNTEER REVIEW.

DOVER has been chosen for the Easter Monday Review. For five years it has been held at Brighton. A change from the Sussex Downs to a Surrey heath was tried in 1863, but the ground was limited, the day was wet, and Guildford had far too little accommodation, while the prices charged were exorbitant. This failure has made all concerned in the matter almost afraid to try another change. Brighton has unlimited accommodation for visitors, and for the Volunteers who usually spend their Easter holidays at the place of review, combining duty and pleasure. Brighton, too, is always liked by Londoners. In the mere matter of accommodation Dover cannot at all compare with Brighton; but Folkestone, for once, will come to the rescue of its chief rival, and the railway authorities will render the alliance all the assistance in their power by running cheap and frequent trains between the two places. Dover has attractions that even Brighton cannot boast of—the regular troops at Dover and Shorncliffe will take part in the review; the fortifications, for which the country has paid so much, will be open to inspection; the castle is an object of interest; Canterbury is within easy reach of Dover, and so are Deal and Walmer. Steamboats will take volunteers and their friends, at nominal charges, to Calais and Boulogne. If the weather be fine, we think we may safely predict that the Easter Monday Review of 1867 will be a success, and the decision of the commanding officers will be approved by those who after all are most concerned, the volunteers, who actually give up one day of their holidays in order to serve their country, by qualifying themselves to take an active part in her defence.

ENGLISH RECRUITS.

THE illustration of English recruits, above given, is from a drawing by "Phiz," and is so characteristic and expressive in itself, that really little description is necessary, unless we went into an imaginary history of the causes which induced that strangely-assorted group to severally take the preliminary binding shilling. Whether they will all "pass the doctor" is questionable. At all events, they are on the point of being billeted; and if we take the looks of the female as an index of her estimation of them, we should say she didn't like the looks of them at all. Yet each of them has his little history, which could be readily elaborated into a column or two; but, as we have not that space to spare, we must leave our readers to conjure up their histories themselves, for their is plenty of scope in the sketch.

We understand that the formation of the Civil Service Boat Club has been deferred for the present. The Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race has been fixed for Saturday, the 13th of April.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.
ANNIVERSARIES

D. W.		H. W. L. B.	A. M.	P. M.
31	S	4 Sunday in Lent	10 25 11	5
1	M.		11 40	—
2	T.	Battle of Copenhagen, 1802	0 12	0 37
3	W.	Admiral Ross died, 1802	0 58	1 19
4	Th.	Insurrection at Palermo, 1800	1 39	1 59
5	F.	Napoleon abdicated, 1814	2 17	2 34
6	S.	Washington, President of America, 1789	2 54	3 13

Moon's changes.....New Moon, 4th day, 10h. 4m. p.m.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PUBLISHING DEPARTMENT.—All letters to be addressed to the Editor, Drury House, Drury-court, St. Mary-le-Strand, London.
Correspondents finding their questions unanswered will understand that we are unable to do so, either from their peculiarity, or that our correspondents with little trouble could readily obtain the information themselves.

THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.
SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1867.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

THE FUTURE OF REFORM.

THE Conservative Reform Bill has been read a second time. On the 8th of next month the question of Reform will enter upon another phase. The House of Commons will, in committee, commence the business of amendment, and, out of the various discussions to be then evolved, we shall at last get a final legislative act. The matter now for consideration is: What will be the result of all this? We must decide as to the future by the light which the past and present give to us. Mr. Disraeli's speech of Monday night was a very rare exhibition of tact and audacity of brilliant rhetoric and skilful sophistry. It certainly indicated the position of himself and party when he told Mr. Gladstone "that he neither wished to accept conditions of the right honourable gentleman, or to offer him any." Last week Mr. Gladstone certainly broke loose in a way neither likely to promote his own dignity nor advance the good of the question which he undertook to argue upon. At the first reading of the Bill Mr. Gladstone certainly showed a temper, an impulsiveness, and a taunting manner unworthy of his great abilities, and the cause which he pleaded. Unfortunately this especial measure is fraught with immense difficulties. Any proposition as to Reform which only slightly deals with the distribution of seats is in itself a delusion. Last year, when Mr. Gladstone brought in the Reform Bill of the Whig Ministry, a much more comprehensive measure of distribution was suggested. The proposals of the Russell-Gladstone Government were defeated, certainly not on the question of the distribution of electoral districts, but it is difficult to tell how much defection must have been caused through those whose boroughs were to be disfranchised. Parliament has to purify and reform itself, and, in these times of little agitation, it requires men of wonderful self-denial to be ready to advocate the abrogation of their own special boroughs. Mr. Disraeli simply, by his Bill, deprives thirty of the smaller towns having two members of one of their representatives, and gives he spoil to the counties and a few large towns. The Chancellor of the Exchequer is acting out of expediency, though he knows by the "logic of facts" that what he is doing is neither equitable nor liberal. What is he to do if he wants to pass a Bill and save his party? Conciliate many members of the Opposition who know that, were the leader of their own party to have his way, their political existence would now be ended. Personal safety is better, in the estimation of many worthy men, than political progress, and, therefore, when their chief, Mr. Gladstone, talked last week at the meeting at his house upon opposing the second reading of the Reform Bill, it is to be understood why there were murmurs of dissent. Mr. Gladstone is always certain of his seat, and he wants to get back again to the warm abode of office, while many on his side of the House justly say, "But what of ourselves?" Had the second reading of the Reform Bill been defeated, it is not at all improbable Lord Derby would have advised the Queen to dissolve Parliament, and then have appealed to the country for support. This course would have instantly caused the position of many members to have been jeopardised, and besides, two dissolutions would by this means take place instead of one. As a matter of course, after the passing of any Reform enactment, as the constituencies newly coming into existence must demand representation, the House of Commons must be dissolved and a new Parliament elected. The passing of the second reading of the Reform Bill is a pledge that the country is not to be disturbed by the commotion of a new election for the present. But what next? The honour and dignity of the Conservative Government are saved, and Reform goes into another stage. In a month hence, the Conservative bantling will assume entirely new proportions. Some of its most curious graces will be taken from it, and, in measure, it may become a healthy, though, we suspect, never a very vigorous creation. Mr. Disraeli, with a quaint humour, brought it into the world with a balancing pole, called "dual voting," and he now says he thinks it can dispense with the contrivance. So far, so good. He is literally angry that people should talk about a Lodger Franchise and suggest it as an addition of their own. The Chancellor of the Exchequer claims that he was, and still is, the father of the Lodger Franchise that came into the world when he proposed a Reform Bill in 1859, and that, as a matter of course, it shall not be lost sight of. There is only one point, it appears to us, that the Government will really stand or fall by, and that is the Household Rating Suffrage. In committee, the Fancy Franchises may be shaped into new forms, but that all householders who are rated, or who can become rated, will have a vote, there is

now no longer any doubt. The County Franchise, as suggested by a £15 rating, will be altered in committee, and probably £12 will be the figure of reduction.

With respect to redistribution of seats, Mr. Disraeli dares the Opposition to introduce a better plan than that put forward by himself, and in jeering tones asks the right honourable gentleman to exhibit his intentions, saying it is due to those who sit upon Mr. Gladstone's side of the House, and who may be more interested in his views than in Mr. Disraeli's, that he should demonstrate his sentiments upon a larger distribution of boroughs, so that the simple plan may be revealed to those surrounding him whom he intends to stab to the heart. Politically, Mr. Disraeli, out of the gentleness of his sweet and generous nature, proposes to stab to the heart as few members as is possible, and therefore he can afford to taunt Mr. Gladstone with the wish to sacrifice the innocents of his own party. The glittering words of Mr. Disraeli show a great comprehension of that which is most expedient; but, nevertheless, a time must come when all the vagaries of mere expediency will be swept away, and when a great measure of distribution will be enforced by the volition of a strong and intelligent nation. The present measure, though not so wide and complete as may be desired, is yet a great one. It is greater than any other which has ever had any serious chance of acceptance. Radicalism may ask justly for a downward extension, so that the industrial orders may participate more fairly in the conduct of the State, and this it will obtain in a degree under the present measure, while a lateral extension of the franchise will also be carried out; and education, apart from mere money, will be more greatly represented. In all the debates that have taken place, no mention is made of the House of Lords. In the Upper House property and vested interests are fully represented, and, therefore, when it is urged that a reckless democracy may give a new character to our Constitution, it must be remembered that, until the Crown is shaken, and the Upper House exists no longer, the change, which is prognosticated, can not ensue. In a short time a great good will have been achieved by the passing of a Reform measure. Legislation will find a new impetus, and the citizens of our great Commonwealth will have reason for greater contentment in at least having a louder voice in the affairs of their country.

London by Night.

"RESURGAM."

THE following touching story of town life is so well known to the writer in all its harrowing details that there is no occasion for him to vouch for its accuracy and truth. It exemplifies in a terrible manner the saying that "one false step may lead to perdition." It shows, with a vividness unparalleled, that even the best amongst our poor girls may be led into error by temptation, and achieve for their earthly portion that which is the wages of sin, namely, DEATH.

A few years ago, may be ten or thereabouts, a shoemaker, named Martin Tutcombe, occupied a small shop in a back street at Chelsea.

He had two daughters, Hannah and Agnes. Hannah was several years older than her sister, and tall and dark, while Agnes was below the average height, fair, as men paint the angels, having blue eyes, a full round face, and a ravishing smile ever playing round her lips.

When their mother died, the girls were sixteen and twenty years old respectively.

Martin Tutcombe felt her death very severely, and took to drinking, as a means of assuaging his grief.

Agnes noticed this with the utmost regret, but Hannah only said "Let him drink; we can get our own living, I daresay."

"How," inquired Agnes, in a kindly tone.

"Oh! there are more ways than one. You need not fret for me. I shall not come to any harm," answered Hannah, evasively.

Things went on in a most unsatisfactory manner for some time. Hannah openly expressed her discontent, in return for which she received curses, and sometimes blows, from her drunken and illiterate father.

One fine morning when the shoemaker came down to breakfast, he found only one attendant there. Agnes was diligently making the tea, and watching a couple of eggs as they boiled.

"Where's Hannah?" asked Martin Tutcombe, savagely glaring around him.

"I can't tell, father," replied Agnes; "she went out last night after you struck her, and has not come back. I am anxious about her, because it is so unusual a thing for her to stay out."

Martin Tutcombe's face clouded. He seemed inclined to fly into a passion. Had Hannah been present he would have done so, but Agnes was so loving and gentle that he could not possibly find fault with her.

The ferocious power gave way to an expression of sadness. He turned to Agnes and said, in a voice broken with emotion, "I know I'm not a good father, but I keep a roof over your head, child."

"Did I ever reproach you, father?" inquired Agnes.

"Not that I know of," he replied hastily. "Hannah's a bad girl; she'll come to no good, and—may I live to see it."

Without waiting for his breakfast, he went into the shop, and commenced working vigorously, as if he wished to stifle his thoughts.

A week passed, and nothing was seen of Hannah. She did not condescend to transmit any message, or give her relations the remotest information respecting herself.

It was Martin Tutcombe's custom to go out in the evening. Sometimes he did not come back till past midnight, and then generally intoxicated. He went out as usual some days after Hannah's disappearance, and, to Agnes's great surprise, returned before ten. Wonders, she thought, would never cease. Laying down her work, she handed her father his pipe and tobacco; but he pushed it rudely away.

"No, no," he cried, "let me be; I'm put out to-night. I've seen Hannah."

"How? when?" asked Agnes, eagerly.

"Don't ask me."

"But—"

"Not a word, girl," he cried, angrily; "never let her name be mentioned in my presence; henceforth she is no daughter of mine. She has chosen her own course. If she were dying in the gutter, mine should be the last hand extended to raise her."

Agnes was too much afraid of her father, in his violent moods, to attempt to argue with him or dispute his arbitrary will, so she remained silent.

Martin Tutcombe paced the room restlessly. His face now and then was convulsed with rage. He was deeply agitated.

All at once he uttered a wild cry, passed his hand to his heart, as if to still some violent pain, and fell forward heavily on his face.

Rushing forward, Agnes endeavoured to raise him, but all to no purpose: his weight was too great for her. A purple stream welled from his mouth, and she became greatly alarmed. What could she do but rouse the lodgers in the house? Throwing open the door, she was not long in calling for help. The room was soon full of people: a doctor was sent for but his skill was useless: Martin Tutcombe had broken a blood-vessel, and was no more.

Unusual excitement, acting upon a weakened constitution, had brought about his awfully sudden end.

Agnes threw herself on her knees by the side of the body, and was with difficulty removed from the chamber of death by the sympathising spectators.

Her father left nothing but a few shillings. The stock in the shop and the tools he employed in his trade brought in another, to pay for his funeral, and satisfy the rapacious landlord of the house, who was hanging after his rent.

On the afternoon of the day of the funeral, Agnes was sitting in the shop, weeping bitterly, when the handle of the door turned: a light step sounded on the threshold, and a familiar voice exclaimed, "It is true, then! He is gone at last!"

Looking up, Agnes perceived her sister. "Oh, Hannah!" was all she was able to ejaculate.

"What are you going to do?" asked Hannah, seating herself. "I only heard of the old man's death this morning, or I should have come before to offer you a shelter, for I suppose you can't stop here."

"No, indeed."

"Come with me then. I will see what can be done for you. I have every disposition to help you; and as for father's death, why it's a happy release."

Agnes thought this a very unfeeling and unfeeling way of speaking, but her situation was so critical that she could not afford to quarrel with her sister, who, in point of fact was her only friend.

She accordingly consented to accompany her, and, putting on her bonnet and shawl, they went away together.

Hannah resided in a well-furnished house, situated in a square near the King's-road, Chelsea. It was in reality a house of bad repute, but Agnes was far from guessing that when she reached it and took up her abode within its walls.

In a short time, however, the actual state of affairs became apparent to her. She discovered that her sister was utterly abandoned to all sense of shame, and that she was endeavouring to place her, on an equality with herself.

Everything seemed to favour Hannah's plans. Agnes came in contact with a young man, named Herbert Leicester, who was engaged in the City, who succeeded, under the guise of a promise of marriage, in robbing her of that which a woman holds most dear. The sisters were now on a par.

The full force of the blow, which she had dealt herself, did not fall upon Agnes, until Mr. Leicester, tired of her charms, deserted her. Then it was that she was compelled to admit that she had overstepped the boundaries which divide virtue and vice. Then it was that she fell on her knees, and endeavoured to appease the heaven she had outraged.

She flew like a stricken deer to an aunt, the only relation of which she could boast; but this person professed the Catholic religion, and recommended her to hide her shame in a cloister. On Agnes refusing to do so, she drove her with ignominy and reproaches from her door, bidding her never again to darken her threshold with her polluted presence.

For Agnes! hers was indeed a hard, hard fate. She returned to her sister, and now commenced a life which is too revolting in its infamous details to be long dwelt upon.

Contaminated, though not utterly demoralized, longing for the straight and narrow path, though unable to attain it, the girl led the life of an outcast from society.

For her the day had no charms. London by night knew her well. She haunted the principal thoroughfares in the companionship of her sister, laughing only when she had drowned care with drink, and achieved oblivion by dervy potations.

One morning she rose hot and feverish from her bed; her blood seemed on fire, and she could not rest in the house. Hastily attiring herself in neat and unpretentious garments, she walked in the direction of St. James's Park.

While sitting on a bench in a retired position, the cool breeze fanning her heated brow, the pleasant prospect set out before her, the tall trees, the bleating sheep, the groups of many children all appeared to her so suggestive of innocence and peace, that she felt then a reproach, and burst into tears.

"Why am I what I am?" she sobbed.

While she was weeping bitterly, a young gentleman, well-dressed, handsome, having a commanding appearance, but withal a gentle look, passed and re-passed her.

He stopped, and, looking intently at her, said, "I beg your pardon for intruding upon your privacy, but I can never see a pretty woman weeping, without inquiring the cause."

Agnes shuddered. Why was this man talking to her? Had he penetrated her real character? She was indignant, and made him no answer.

"Come," he continued, "do not be shy. I have taken a fancy to you my little maiden, and will not leave you until I discover the cause of your grief; that is to say, unless you dismiss me peremptorily, and then I must perforce obey."

Reassured by his manner, and urged on by an irresistible impulse, Agnes spoke to him.

"My father is dead. I am an orphan, and I am miserable," she said.

"Have you no friends?" asked her interrogator.

"None."

"No sister, no brother?"

"None," again replied Agnes, preferring to be guilty of falsehood, to admitting that she had a sister, such as Hannah was.

"Then you are alone in the world?"

"Quite."

"Forgive me all these questions," the young gentleman said. "I do not put them from idle curiosity. I have a motive. Now, tell me child, what do you do for a living?"

Agnes blushed, oh! so deeply. The crimson tide rushed like a flood over face, neck, and shoulders; even the tips of her fingers felt hot and red. She turned away to hide her evident confusion.

"Ah!" said her questioner, in a compassionate tone, and taking a seat beside her, "I can see how it is: you are out of work, and you do not like to confess your poverty, because you are unwilling to accept the alms you think I should press upon your acceptance. Poor thing, I pity you, and respect your delicacy."

This speech set Agnes more at her ease.
 "You are very kind, sir," she said.
 "I have every disposition to be so; you are a milliner, I presume?"
 Agnes nodded her head.
 "Toiling all day, and sometimes all night for a miserable pittance barely sufficient to keep body and soul together. Ah! me, the age we live in!"
 "May I go now, sir?" said Agnes.
 "Not yet little one. I have not done with you," replied her new friend.

Having half risen, she sat down again.
 "Where do you live?"
 This was a difficult question to answer, but she, in her worldly wisdom, was equal to the occasion.
 "I have no home, sir."
 "No home!"
 "Alas! no."
 "How is that? Explain."
 "Being unable to pay my rent, what few things I had were seized this morning, and I was turned out to seek a new shelter."
 "Monstrous," exclaimed the stranger. "Can such things be! I fancied that, wearied with work, you had come into the park to breathe the fresh air. How was I deceived! You have no home in a city full of houses. There is not even a garret you can call your own! Turned into the streets of London by an inhuman landlady, who has confiscated your little effects, you are thrown upon this great city, and exposed to all its dangers and temptations."

"What am I to do?" sighed Agnes, lowering her eyes.
 The young man thought for a brief space, and then said, "People call me eccentric; but being independent, I can afford to defy their criticisms, and treat with silent contempt their inuendoes. Get up, my poor creature, and come with me."

Agnes did as he bid her. Her head was in a whirl. Here was an extraordinary adventure. What would it lead to? She could not tell, but her fluttering heart beat wildly as she indulged in flattering aspirations.

The gentleman told her his name was Henry Bassett. He was barely thirty, and, as his father died some years before, leaving him a handsome patrimony, he had been his own master for some considerable period.

He occupied a house of his own in a fashionable street in May Fair. His housekeeper, Mrs. Myers, opened her eyes with astonishment when she beheld Agnes.

"This young person, Mrs. Myers," said Mr. Bassett, "will for the present reside in my house. You will, therefore, do all in your power to make her comfortable."

Mrs. Myers looked surprised, but said nothing, well knowing that her master could not brook contradiction.

Agnes soon contrived to ingratiate herself with the housekeeper. She saw Mr. Bassett every day, and the more they came in contact the more he seemed delighted with her society.

During their conversations Mr. Bassett put many questions to Agnes, all of which she answered carefully. She admitted that her father was a small tradesman, a drunkard, and a man of bad repute generally, but about her sister, and her own mode of life previously to his meeting her, she preserved a strict silence.

Mr. Bassett evidently imagined her to be a poor but virtuous girl, and he prided himself upon being instrumental in saving her from the dangers of the streets.

He had asked Agnes to dine with him. This was an unusual honour, for she generally took her meals, in the housekeeper's room, with Mrs. Myers.

When the cloth was removed, and the dessert placed upon the table, he exclaimed—

"You have now been a month under my roof, and I think I have so studied your character as to be able to read it like a book. Should I find myself deceived in you, I should for ever lose all faith in human nature."

Agnes said something about hoping he never would find his confidence misplaced.

"I am sure I shall not. Now listen to me," he continued. "I have long felt myself isolated. I wish for a companion with whom I may go hand-in-hand during the remainder of my pilgrimage in this vale of tears."

Agnes blushed. Mr. Bassett was clearly about to make her an offer of marriage. Her conscience urged her to sink on her knees before him, and tell him all, but prudence dictated a very different course.

If he knew that bright, plumaged bird he was about to take to his bosom was nothing better than a poor soiled dove, whose ragged feathers had been dragged through the mire, would he not turn round and discard her?

She could not doubt it.

"You—my Agnes," he went on, "represent, in my eyes, all that is good and worthy in womanhood."

"You praise me too highly," she said.

"Not at all. I appreciate you at your real value, and I here make you an offer of my name—my hand—my heart. Will you accept it?"

The temptation was too strong.

The chance of becoming the wife of a gentleman who really loved her was too alluring. She banished the phantom of the past from her memory, and softly murmured the word "Yes."

He was by her side instantly. For hours they sat together in blissful communion, he holding her hand, and gazing into the liquid depths of her blue eyes.

A short time afterwards they were made man and wife. They went abroad, and Agnes experienced such happiness as she had never before dreamt of.

A year passed.

There was only one drawback to her felicity, and that was the suspicion that Hannah might find her out, and throw a blight upon her career.

Mr. Bassett bought a farm in the country, and went in extensively for amateur farming. This caused him to be much out of doors. Agnes was left to herself, and she, enjoying the country, took long walks.

During one of these, she was surprised to hear a familiar voice utter her name.

She saw, to her horror, her sister Hannah, who was walking quietly along the main road.

"Oh!" exclaimed Hannah, "I have found you at last, have I? My information was correct, though I rather doubted it at first."

"What do you want?" asked Agnes. "In Heaven's name, say what you have to say, and leave me."

"I am in no hurry," was the calm and insolent reply. "I hear that you have married a gentleman with lots of money—only you were too sly to tell me anything about it. Now, I am very poor, and I came down to-day to see you to get some, and I am not going away without it."

"What if I refuse?"

"Then I shall immediately inform Mr. Bassett of your antecedents, and, if you are not quickly turned out of his house, I am very much mistaken in the estimate I have formed of his character."

"You would not be so cruel!" said Agnes.

"Try it, and see," was Hannah's laughing rejoinder.

"How much will satisfy you?"

"Twenty pounds will do for the present. I must have more shortly."

"I have not so much about me, but I will send it," replied Agnes.

It was arranged that the money should be sent, and Hannah took her leave, returning to the station.

Matters went on like this for twelve months. Hannah made perpetual demands upon her sister's purse. Mr. Bassett at first humoured his wife's supposed extravagance, but at last refused to give her any more money, unless she told him how she bestowed it.

This she dared not do.

The supplies were stopped.

Hannah wrote several threatening letters, and finding they had no effect, she came down to the farm in person.

Agnes had gone out to solace herself with her daily walk.

The sister saw Mr. Bassett, and in a few words explained the object of her visit.

"What!" said the husband, with horror plainly depicted upon his countenance. "Do you mean to tell me seriously that I have been cherishing an unchaste woman?—that I have been deceived, that she is a hypocrite, that my wife is unworthy of my love and my great sacrifices for her?"

"I do mean to tell you so, and I can prove every word I say; for I am her sister, and she lived with me at the very time she met you."

Mr. Bassett then related the incidents attending their first meeting.

"Her jaded appearance," said Hannah, "arose from the effects of the previous night's intoxication. She has deceived you all throughout."

"That is enough," he said quietly. He gave Hannah money in return for her communication, and she departed with glee. On the road she met her sister as before, but all she said was "I have seen him."

How Agnes reached home, after hearing this, she never knew: she was in a fainting condition. Mr. Bassett had been waiting at the door for her. Taking her by the arm, he led her into the sitting-room, and placed her in a chair.

With a stern expression, he exclaimed, "You have pursued a systematic course of deception with me; but the end has come."

"Oh, no, no, no," cried Agnes, wildly, the tears starting to her eyes; "you will not cast me off."

"You must go. It pains me to say so. My roof, however, may no longer cover you. What you were before I met you, that must you be again."

Agnes fell on her knees, and raised her hands in supplication.

"My husband! my husband!" she wailed in piteous accents. For God's sake forgive me. At least I have been good and faithful to you."

"That goes for nothing. We part, and henceforth meet as strangers. Go! I have said it."

The weeping woman rose to her feet, staggered to the door, paused there, and cast one long, appealing look at her husband.

She met with no response.

His manner was stony and adamant.

Then she went forth—crushed and broken, an outcast from her home, a moral leper—and reached the railway-station. The train took her to London.

She was homeless and friendless; not quite penniless, but what did she care for money?

Her husband's love was, and always had been, her wealth. Having lost that, she was poor indeed.

She wandered about the streets all day in a purposeless manner. Then she found herself near one of her old haunts in the Haymarket. She went in, meeting old friends who hailed her appearance with joy. They made her drink, but it seemed that all the spirits in London could not intoxicate her that night: her great and overwhelming grief absorbed it all.

It was midnight.

London by night is never a pleasant spectacle. Abandoned women, with their companions, made the hours hideous. Wretched, squalid creatures, begging a few pence, crawled about in filthy rags. The night-birds were all out.

Agnes wandered on—on, she knew not whither.

Heaven refused to temper the wind to the shorn lamb.

As she was going down a street, amidst a blaze of light from the cafes and other night-houses, she met a man carrying a flag, upon which was emblazoned the single word "Resurgam."

He handed her a tract, exclaiming, as he did so, "For the daughters of sin."

She took it mechanically, and leant against a lamp-post while she read it.

It ran thus—

"Resurgam."

"I shall arise!"

"O daughter of sin, bear this in mind; reflect while there is yet time, and stand in awe of the dread day of judgment."

It was terribly brief, terribly laconic.

Placing it in her bosom, she hurried on. The great river lay before, speeding on to join the rushing ocean.

How very seductive were its murky waters!

She stands upon the parapet.

Her lips move.

Hark! She speaks.

"Father, forgive me, I come! I come!"

The next moment a dark body cleaves the air. There is a dull splash, and all is over.

"Hi! there, lights! lights! a woman has cast herself over the bridge. Hi! hi!"

So cried a passenger who had beheld the rash act, but who was unable to prevent its consummation.

They came with drags and lanterns, and the body was got out of the water.

They laid her on the cold steps, and the light of the policeman's bull's eye fell in a flood upon her poor pale face.

From her bosom protruded a paper, on which was plainly legible the touching watch-cry of the dead,

"RESURGAM."

CARDS FOR THE MILLION.—A copper plate engraved (any style), and fifty best cards printed, with card case included, for 2s. Sent post free by Arthur Granger, the noted cheap stationer, 308, High-street, Holborn; and the new Borough Bazaar, 95, S.E.

THEATRICAL TATTLE.

Verdi returned to Florence immediately after the production of "*Don Carlos*."

A Viennese company of twenty-five operetta artists are giving performances at the Victoria Theatre, Berlin, with much success.

We may shortly look forward to the first appearance of a young English tenor, Mr. Alfred Bayles, who for some time past has been studying under Mr. F. R. Cox, of the Royal Academy of Music.

We learn that Camillo Sivori, who has not made a public appearance in Vienna for twenty-two years, is now the lion of the day there; his concerts are attended by crowds.

Marshal Vaillant, Minister of the Imperial Household, gave a great fete last week, to which all the Exhibition Commissioners were invited. Moliere's "*Misanthrope*" was performed, and the fete was at least the fullest of the year.

We are grieved to learn that a sudden attack of fever has carried off a Parisian pianist of some talent, M. Alfred Godard, the author of several meritorious compositions and a journalist of ability. For some years M. Godard has been associated with the manufacture of those pianos which bear his name.

It is said that a company is being formed by Mr. Wyndham, of the New Royalty Theatre, from amongst the stars and favourites of our boards, to perform burlesques and ballets at the fashionable theatre of Enghien-les-Bains, near Paris, and also give representations in Paris during the forthcoming summer.

Thursday in last week, a *messe solennelle* composed by Prince Joseph Poniatowsky was celebrated in the church Saint-Eustache. Paris, solos sung by MM. Faure and Villaret, and the orchestra directed by M. Hurand. This Mass is said to contain several beauties.

We hear of a most favourable debut in Vienna of Mdm. Maria Vilda in the *Troratore*. At the Theater an der Wien Flotow's *Wilde Gräfin* has been given for the first time with extraordinary success, for the benefit of the actor Telek; Fr. Geisinger in the principal part played and sang charmingly. Another operetta by Kler, entitled *Der kleine Jose*, played the same evening, did not enjoy so happy a fate.

With reference to Mr. Boucicault's complaint of the dramatic pilfering so common among stage adaptors, it would appear that it is not only the large theatres form the depredations of their minor rivals, but that the bad rule works occasionally the converse way. Mr. Francis George Cheatham asserts that most of the "original" ideas in "*Flying Scud*" occurred in a play written by him for the Victoria Theatre four years ago, and called "*The Vendetta*" in which play the chief incidents—the doctoring of the favourite and running the Derby—were derived from Mr. Angus B. Reach's novel, "*Clement Lorimer*." And yet it is this same "*Flying Scud*" of which Mr. Boucicault claimed original authorship, quoting in reference to it, "a poor thing, but mine own!"

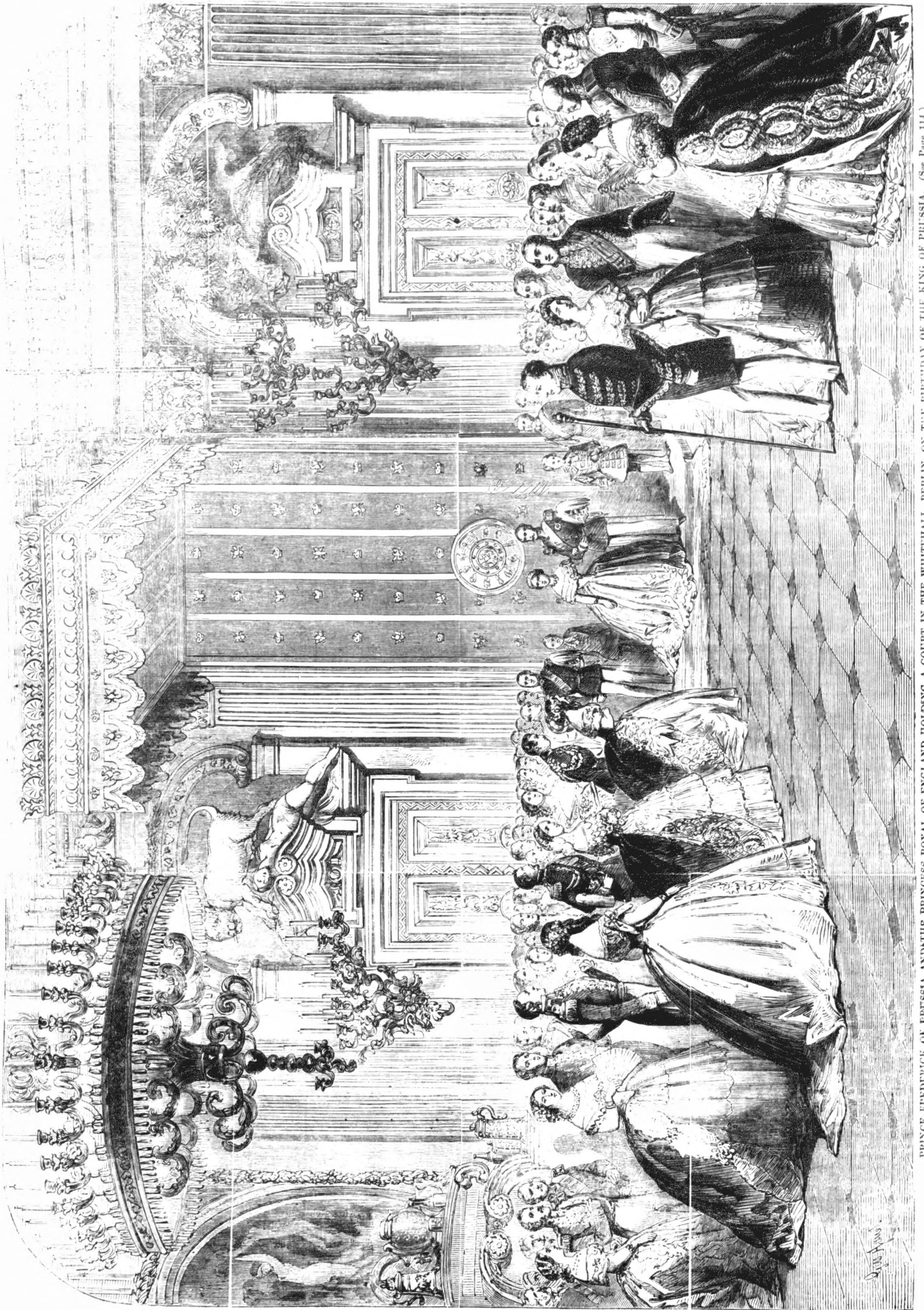
From St. Petersburg we learn that at the benefit of Mdm. Grantzow, that charming dancer was the subject of a series of pleasant orations. She had chosen the ballet of *Fiametta*, augmented with various scenes from the *Konek Gourbonok* (what that may be, deponent saith not), and *Metemora*. Bouquets of all dimensions, one of which was so large that it was brought by a deputation from Moscow and occupied a whole compartment of a railway carriage: a diadem of precious stones, calls without number, and a re-engagement at 50,000 francs for three months and a half; were her portion. Who would not be a dancer in Russia?

We understand the members of the Savage Club intend giving a performance for the benefit of Mr. Paul Gray's widow, for whose behalf the recent "Papers" of the Club were published, which will consist of three pieces, written by members of the club—a new and original comedy by Arthur Sketchley, a burlesque by W. S. Gilbert, and a farce by Tom Archer and William Brough. The comedy will be entrusted to the care of the professional actors, the burlesque and farce to the literateurs and artists belonging to the club. We are given to understand that the farce and the comedy have been written expressly for the occasion. The burlesque is W. S. Gilbert's *Ruy Blas*, published in one of the Christmas annuals (Warne's, if we remember rightly).

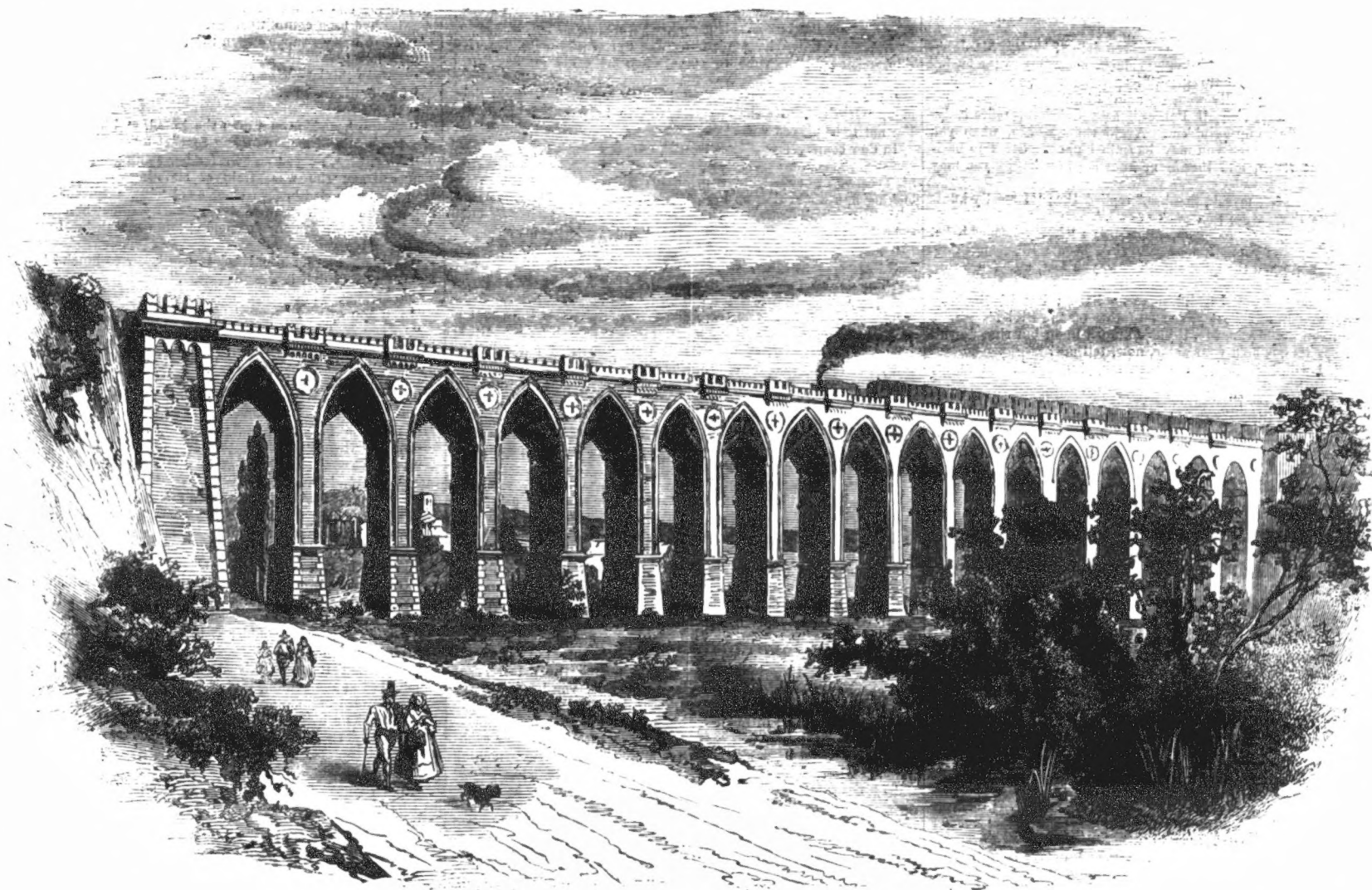
Of the impression produced in New York by a performance of the *Messiah* the *Weekly Review* thus speaks:—"Do not deceive ourselves—this class of music is not very popular here. We are sorry to say it, but we distinctly heard a gentleman coming out of the hall, exclaim, on this occasion, 'That is worse than *Tannhauser*.' Of course we are shocked; but we have to do our duty as chroniclers of facts. As this is very sad, let us turn to the cheerful side of the affair, namely, the receipts. They amounted to more than three thousand five hundred dollars. Prosperity warrants repetition." Our opinion is that we should often hear much the same verdict if we avowed our own sentiments as frankly upon this side of the Atlantic. There is nothing in which so much snobbery and affectation of taste is observable as in music. The very persons who—martyrs to fashion—doze at Exeter-hall through the prosy oratorios which are doubtless grand to the very few highly cultivated ears, affect to think any admiration of the sparkling productions of Offenbach *infra dig*.

A curious exemplification of the state of the theatrical criticism in London, and the fitness of the persons into whose hands the critical functions are confided, is afforded in the fact that in the *Standard* of the 13th inst., the old and well-known melodrama of *The Golden Farmer*, last week played at Astley's Theatre, is treated as "a new drama from the pen of Mr. Benjamin Webster," produced for the first time! The *Standard* further gives the plot in detail, and remarks that "the piece, which is well supported throughout, is not one likely to prove a very great hit, for, although it is of a sensational character, it is devoid of those incidents which contribute mainly to the success of dramas of that description." The musical critic of the *Standard* has also signified himself this week in no less notable a manner than the gentleman who "does" the drama. In a notice of last Saturday's Crystal Palace concert the following delicious bit of grammar occurs:—"The instrumental performance was Mendelssohn's overture to '*The Hebrides*,' which how it was executed may be imagined." In a notice of the Philharmonic Society's concert he calls Mr. Cousins a *chef d'œuvre*.

In consequence of the Reduction in Duty, Horniman's Teas are now supplied by the Agents Eightpence per lb. Cheaper. Every Genuine Packet is signed "Horniman and Co."—[Advertisement.]



PRINCE FREDERICK OF PRUSSIA AND THE PRINCESS ROYAL OF ENGLAND HOLDING A COURT IN THE WHITEHALL, BERLIN, ON THE BIRTHDAY OF THE KING OF PRUSSIA. (See Page 114.)



THE PESENZANO VIADUCT. (See Page 125.)

Dead Acre: A CHAIN OF EVIDENCE.

BY
CHARLES H. ROSS.

Part the Second.
A WHITE HAND AT WORK.

CHAPTER III.—DARK DOINGS IN A ROOM BEHIND A SHOP.

SUPPOSING you and I (a most monstrous supposition, which, pray excuse) were to steal a pocket-handkerchief, what would we do with it?

I do not mean to say, supposing we had a bad cold; I mean, suppose we stole a pocket-handkerchief ("lifted" is the professional term) with the intention of turning it into money ("melting," if you will talk "shop"), where should we go to get rid of it, and how much should we be likely to get?

As to the question of money, it is settled easily enough. I have it, upon good authority, that were the article in question of silk, new and first-rate quality, we might get a shilling for it at "a good crib." We therefore arrive at the conclusion, without the necessity of much reflection, that there is a good deal of risk for small gain in the daring life of a "dashing highwayman" in these degenerate days of ours. Now, as to the whereabouts of the "good crib" aforesaid, we have it, on the same authority, that there are more than two thousand houses in London where stolen goods are received; so that if we do make up our minds at any time to embark in the burglary business, or take to the highway, as it were, in our overtime, no doubt other knights of the road upon the same "fake-ment" would be "fly" to the "fences," "drums," and "put us on." After which dreadful bad language I must draw breath a moment before I take you down a dirty turning out of Drury-lane, where, in 1840, we might have converted our stolen goods into the Queen's money had we felt so inclined, without much trouble.

There was, at this period of English history, a rag and bottle-shop on the right-hand side of a certain dirty court, which was not labelled like other shops, with its proprietor's name, but was, instead, pasted all over with glaring placards, highly-coloured cartoons, and highly-seasoned poetry. "This is the shop to sell your bones!" began one poster. "The highest price out for kitchen stuff!" said another; whilst a third explained, most satisfactorily, "How to make a hundred a-year by saving a penny a week."

Over the door of this establishment a black doll in a dirty white frock swang to and fro in the wind—in winter there was, generally, a hurricane down the court, and in summer no air at all; a peculiarity of many courts in low neighbourhoods—and its windows were crowded with all sorts of odds and ends of dirty rubbish, that it was almost impossible to imagine anybody could want to buy. The interior of the shop, also, contained more rubbish in heaps, emitting much unpleasant odour; while the dirtiest old woman in the world, who kept it, was by no means the most savoury article of the lot. This old woman, who smoked pipes and drank hot gin-and-water early in the morning, and was, also, partial to bread and cheese and raw onion breakfasts, was assisted in the rag and bottle business by a red-eyed Jew-boy, whose name was Isaac Moses; but who, for shortness, was called Ikey Mo.

The name of the unfragrant female was said, by those who knew her best, to be Welsh or Welsher—the latter being thought to be most appropriate—but Squelcher was the cognomen mostly used by the other dwellers in the court, and "Old Mother Skew" was, also, held in some favour.

She was not, however, the proprietor of the shop, any more than Ikey Mo was, and each was secretly set on by the real master to watch the other and to see that he or she stole nothing. No large amount of love, therefore, existed between these two, and when on one occasion Ikey Mo fell ill and got better again, Mother Skew remarked, with evident disappointment, "I thought I should a had to bury you."

Upon the occasion of this illness the real proprietor—going under the name of Johnson—looked in and left upwards of half-a-crown, in small silver coins and halfpence, to buy Mo physic, which Mother Skew said it was a sin and a shame so to waste.

"It might" she argued, "do him good, but then, again, it might 'nt. If it did 'nt, and he dies before the bottles is empty, what's to be done with the stuff? It's a matter as wants thinking on. I shall see how he is by to-morrow."

The invalid was unconscious at the time, lying, however, with his clothes on, upon some old sacks in a corner of the back parlour, and in his boots.

"Them boots," reflected Mother Skew, "is much too good to waste a-kicking of the toes out. I've some in stock about the same size, and if he comes round and finds 'em on him instead he'll never know the difference. If he was to die now, poor lamb, the gov'nor could 'nt blame me. He might do it, even after the best of physic. Such is life. Here we are to-day, and nowheres to-morrow. I certainly shall swap his boots. They spiles his a eep, poor innocent!"

However, when Ikey Mo got well again, he sternly demanded the restitution of his property, and in the end got his boots back, accompanied by an abject apology from Squelcher, who was a weak old lady if taken in hand.

If the customers who dealt at Mr. Johnson's came only about rags and bones, the exterior of some persons dealing in kitchen stuff was very splendid, for there was one silvery-haired gentleman in particular, who had all the airs and noble carriage of a Prime Minister. There were young men of fashion too, who used Mr. Johnson's shop, whose raiment was of the most dazzling description, and now and then a young lady would drop in, as lovely as an angel, though a trifle too florid in the colour of her frock and tippet.

The weakest point of Mr. Johnson's connection was that they were all rather queer about the hands. However splendid any one of his customers might have been with his or her yellow or lavender kid gloves on, when he or she took them off there were sure to be found dirty finger-nails concealed beneath, and dirty fingers, mostly ornamented by rings of priceless worth—if real diamonds.

But why should I made a mystery of the matter? The object these ladies and gentlemen had in calling upon Mother Skew was to dispose of certain articles about which it was a rule at Mr. Johnson's shop to ask no impertinent questions. Here, then, a five-pound Bank of England note was to be sold for four pounds, or a fifty-pound note for thirty—the larger notes, in Mr. Johnson's trade, being thought "risky."

Here jewellery fetched something like a quarter of its value, and was, immediately upon receipt, thrown into a pot always kept boiling on a fire in the little back parlour. Here broad-cloth, worth a pound a yard, was sold for five shillings; ladies boots, worth ten shillings, for two, and so on. A dashing life they must have led on these prices, our felonious friends, the descendants of the famous John Sheppard, Esq., Mr. Richard Turpin, Mr. Jeremiah Abershaw, and Mr. John Raon. These Dare-Devil Dicks,

Wild Wills, Red Ralphs, and Charley Wags, let alone Miss Mac-heath, and Miss Hood (i.e., Robin).

Mr. Johnson was in the habit of looking in rather unexpectedly at his establishment up the court, and he had a creeping way with him, peculiarly adapted to pouncing upon wrong-doers. Furthermore, he always believed, or made believe to believe, that he had caught one of his two shop-people tripping, and, however they might happen to be employed, would ask them, sharply and suspiciously, what they were "up to;" a rather exasperating manner of proceeding, calculated to chafe conscious virtue and ruffle injured innocence.

Dropping in suddenly, one afternoon, and catching Ikey Mo half-buried in a box of rusty nails, no higher view being obtainable of him in his stooping posture than the seat of a pair of elaborately patched trousers, Mr. Johnson stole up behind him, plunged his arm down into the box and seized him by the nape of the neck, dragged him to the surface, and pinned him panting against the wall.

"I've caught you, have I?" then said Mr. Johnson, sharply.

"Caught who?" retorted Mo.

"Caught you, you young vagabond!"

"What at?"

"Oh, you know well enough."

"No, I don't."

"Well, don't you try it again, that's all. I've heard of you, my fine fellow, and I shall lay a trap for you some of these days—never fear; so look out."

"It's her's been telling lies, then," said Mo, beginning to whimper; "I ain't done no harm. What makes you set on me that ways?"

"Oh, you're a pretty article, you are!" pursued Mr. Johnson. "Where is she now? Out drinking, I suppose, or cheating me some way or other. Come, you know. What's her game? You're in the swim, ain't you?"

"No, I ain't; and there ain't no swim as I knows on."

"Ah, not as you know of. But you know nothing. You're as blind as a buzzard, you are. What's the good of you?"

"More good nor you think on, p'raps," retorted the boy, following his employer surlily into the little parlour at the back of the shop.

But Mr. Johnson made no reply, for he was too busy looking round, in the hope of finding the traces of some recent peccadillo of Mother Skew's. Presently he pulled out from a drawer a small dog-eared book, in which were various entries of the purchases recently made, in which there certainly was no mention of bank-notes and jewellery, although, if only kitchen-stuff had been dealt in, the placard outside was not far from the truth when it said that at Mr. Johnson's shop the highest prices in London were given.

Having frowned over these entries for some time, Mr. Johnson put back the book again, and sat down by the fire, with his hands crossed.

He wore kid gloves upon his hands, much worn out at the finger ends. He carried a large cotton umbrella tied up with string. His coat sleeves were too long for him, and his hat too large. His clothes were carefully brushed, but greasy and shiny at the knees and elbows. He was, in short, the very counterpart of a gentleman already known to the reader by the name of Solomon Acre; and, indeed, so very much alike were they that anyone who had known Solomon and met Mr. Johnson would certainly have sworn he saw Solomon before him, in which idea he would certainly have been quite correct, for, after all, Johnson was only Solomon Acre's alias, he being, under the rose, proprietor of this very suspicious rag and bottle business; and of the

melting-pot in the little back parlour, where forks and spoons were boiled down, and family crests gently simmered out of all fear of recognition.

"And who's been here, and what's been doing?" asked Mr. Johnson Acre, after a pause; "business is slack, according to the book." "Flash Joe has come to grief," responded Ike, the red-eyed. "Bill's in quod too; Polly went up agin' him."

"That's the way with all Pollies," said Solomon, reflectively. "they always do go up agin' 'em. Avoid the sex, Mo, when you grow to an age at which you may be smiled upon. Stick to business, tell the truth, and there's no knowing how happy you may be."

"I can look after myself, thankee," replied Ike; "I mostly know whereabouts I've got to, to a week or two."

"Wise youth," said Solomon, admiringly; "hoary-headed babe, I've great hopes of you. I hope you ain't been selling anything out of the shop upon the quiet since I saw you last, and forgetting to put it down."

"I told you just now I hadn't done no harm; but it's the way with you, you'd not believe your own father on the Bible."

"No more would you, Mo, if you'd known him; but that doesn't signify. What has been your game, now, tell me?"

"Well, I will," said Mo, "I've been stopping out late at night, for one thing."

"What do you say?"

"I went to the theatre one night, and to the west arterwards."

"Where did you get the money?"

"Not out of the till; that's all you got to do with it."

"Is it? Well, we shall see. Who gave you the holiday?"

"Oh, never mind all that. You'd have been precious sorry I should have missed going, if you'd known who I should see there, and find out the address of—that's all."

"What's all? Who did you see?" asked Solomon, eagerly.

"Well, who do you want to drop upon the most?"

"You mean Jeffcoat?"

"P'raps I do."

"And you know where he lives?"

"I do, and I shall tell you for five shillings."

"You shall show me first, that's fairest; besides, what do I keep you for, but to be useful to me?"

"But this was after working hours. I saw him at the play, and followed him out, and saw him get into his trap at the door. You never see such a buck in your life. Flash Joe's fig-outs was nothink to him. I got up behind, and we went to—where he lives. Then out he gets, and off I gets, and when he is gone in, I jist go up to the driver—it was his own trap, mind you—and I says, 'Does that gent live at that house?' says I. 'What makes you ask?' he says. 'A lady told me to,' I says. 'What lady?' he says. 'A young lady,' I says, 'give me a shilling to tell her.' 'Well, he does,' he says, 'only tell us what young lady it was.' 'Not if I knows it,' says I; and takes my hook in half a jiffy."

"Well, but you'd found out nothing. Suppose he told you wrong?"

"Don't be afeard. I didn't run far, I can tell you, but kept my eye on the trap, and saw it drive away empty. Then I watched a good hour, and nobody came out again."

"Well, where was it, then?"

"Five shillings!"

"I haven't got as much."

"All right, then, another time."

"Here's four; that's heaps, I'm sure; and he don't live there at all, I daresay."

"You give me the five, and you may stop ten out of my wages, if I've telled you wrong."

"Here it is," said Solomon, producing the other coin very slowly, and taking a scrap of paper Mo handed to him in exchange. "Why, it's all humbug, he can't live there!"

"He does, though, you'll find, and is a tip-top swell, and no mistake."

"Impossible! What swindle can he be on to. I'll go and call on him at once, and, if anything comes of it, look ye, Mo, I'll make the bull a half-couter, I will, upon my honour."

Leaving his young friend with this source of reliance, Solomon Acre grasped his umbrella, and set off at a fast walk, which more than once broke into a run, with his nose pointed in a westerly direction. The number of a house in Piccadilly had been given to him by his young friend, and thither he now bent his steps.

He found by the way the numbers ran, very shortly after he had passed the end of the quadrant, that the house he was in search of must be one of those facing the park, which was what, from the first, he had expected. Yet, when he arrived in front of the door, he was certainly astonished.

"If it is only lodgings he has," said Solomon, "they must come dear just hereabouts. What swindle can he have tumbled to, to keep up this sort of thing? There is no way of accounting for it but one, and, if that's the case, my friend Jack, you shall repent it bitterly."

He looked very spiteful, indeed, as he muttered these words, backing out into the road as he did so, to have another good look at the outside of Mr. Jeffcoat's residence.

"I wonder whether he's at home. Whom shall I ask for? But as I live, there is Jack himself—and how he is dressed!"

With which reflection Solomon stepped forward and stood in the middle of the pavement, with his umbrella tucked under his arm.

"He'll be surprised to see me," thought Mr. Acre.

CHAPTER VI.—"WHEN ROGUES FALL OUT."

THE Jack Jeffcoat who was just then lounging along upon the north side of Piccadilly was so unlike the Jack Jeffcoat Solomon had one day found seated in the mud among the broken bottle-ends and waste oyster-shells upon the river's bank, that it seemed quite incredible that he could be the same person.

It was not, in those days, the fashion for men to wear a moustache. It is barely more than a decade since we all firmly believed that nobody but officers had any right to them; and no one else, with the exception of fast young lords, but vagabond artists, card-sharpers, or dirty foreign persons ventured to encroach upon their prerogative. Only a decade ago, and bank clerks were dismissed for cultivating hirsute ornaments, and *Punch* made capital out of the "movement;" we all allowing that it really was too absurd for some insignificant creatures thus to disfigure themselves.

There were, however, one or two daring bloods who could carry off anything, and Jack Jeffcoat, Esquire, appeared to be one of these, and wore a small moustache, black as jet, and carefully trimmed. He also wore a white Chesterfield coat, and a satin stock, richly ornamented with blue and gold sprigs. His waistcoat, coat-cuffs, and collar were of velvet. He had fawn-coloured trousers, strapped down over polished leather boots (maker's name Lehocq), and he carried a gold-headed cane in a delicately gloved hand. His hat was cocked a little on one side, and he held between his lips a full-flavoured Havannah. His hair was long and

beautifully curled, and his silk pocket handkerchief, sweetly-scented. Indeed, there was no mistake about Jack Jeffcoat's being a man of fashion just at this period, whatever he might have looked like that day when he sat among the oyster shells by the river side waiting for the time to come when he could go and drown himself.

"Whatever swindle the fellow has lighted on," thought Solomon, "it pays. He shall pay me, too, to keep quiet. He'll find I'm not to be played with."

In due course, lounging onwards our fine friend Jack lounged towards the spot where Solomon stood waiting for him, and casting his eyes with a somewhat supercilious glance towards the seedy-looking figure blocking up the pathway, recognised his old friend.

"Well, Mr. Jeffcoat, or whatever you may call yourself," cried Solomon, in a loud, blustering tone. "Do you know me?"

"Yes," responded Jack, without evincing emotion. "You're well known about town, Solomon; too well, I should almost fear."

"You don't know all you will do, Mr. Jack Jeffcoat, or whatever you may call yourself. Let me tell you that."

"First of all, Mr. Solomon Acre, lawyer's clerk, bill discounter, or whatever you may call yourself, allow me to inform you that my name is Jeffcoat, as usual, and that you need not take the trouble to repeat that form of words again."

"I'm sure I beg your pardon, Mr. Jack Jeffcoat; you used to change so often. As far as outside goes, you've changed now. A very fine change too."

"Yes, thank you," answered Jack, drawing rather faster than before at his cigar, which was going out; "I've rather pulled it off this journey, haven't I?"

"You have—while it lasts."

"Oh, it will last some time, no doubt. There's not much fear."

"I am not so sure of that," said Solomon, trembling with rage as he spoke. "I know how you came by the money, and I know where you live. It's no good pretending to pass the door. Look here; can we go in and have a few words quietly? I don't like to say what I've got to say here, for your sake."

"Oh, don't mind me. However, I should prefer your coming into my rooms. I should like to rest awhile, and have something to drink. Will you step in, sir?"

"Oh, no ceremony, Jack," replied the other, taking the opportunity to speak thus familiarly as they passed the man-servant who opened the street door. "We're old friends, you know."

Jeffcoat, without making any reply, led the way up-stairs to the second floor, and introduced his companion to a handsomely-furnished room, full of soft easy chairs, and with a window opening upon a balcony, on which were a great many sweet-smelling flowers. Here, with the door-handle in his hand, Jack stopped and waited for Solomon to pass through, then closed and locked the door.

Noticing this action, without seeming to do so, Solomon smiled to himself.

"He's afraid some one will come up and find me here. I am glad he's ashamed of me. We shall come to terms."

Jack, having put the key of the door into his pocket, sat himself down in an easy chair, and, waving his hand towards another seat, opened the conversation.

"You wanted to speak to me, you said. It occurred to me also that I might as well speak to you at once, and get it over. You are not exactly the sort of man I intend to spend much of my time with. Let us, therefore, have our first and last talk. One word now may save twenty."

"Very probably," said Solomon. "And then, perhaps not. There's no knowing."

"In the first place, however, let me ask you a question," continued Jack.

"A dozen, if you will."

"Not at all; I don't feel sufficient interest in your affairs; I only wanted to inquire whether you have any idea why I brought you up to this room?"

"Well, I can make a guess."

"And that is?"

"Simple enough. You didn't want to be seen talking to me in the street. You have really grown so stylish since we last met. I recollect a day, though, last March, when I was rather ashamed of being seen with you."

"Ah, such changes come to pass, don't they?"

"Quite wonderful."

"However, that was not my motive."

"No?"

"I had a less harmless one. You noticed we were on the second floor, didn't you?"

"To be sure."

"A fall out of this window would most likely kill a man. What do you say?"

"I'll take your word for it."

"I think so; particularly with a knock on the head to start with. It struck me that I might have to treat you that way if you were not reasonable. Will you smoke?"

"No, thank you, Jack. I never do in the morning—that is to say, before dark. You look pretty comfortable here?"

"Yes, I am."

"Making a good thing of it, eh?"

"I have made a good thing of it."

"Have you? I never heard of your good luck. I think, you might have told me something about it. It would have looked more friendly."

"Ah, it never struck me in that light. You'd have been glad to hear of it, I daresay?"

He went on smoking here, and Solomon, plucking at the ends of his dilapidated kid-gloves, watched him uneasily. At last he burst out with—

"Look here, Jack; why won't you meet me half-way? Why won't you act fair?"

"Half-way? Act fair? I don't know what you mean. Please to speak plainly. We're wasting time."

"We need waste no more. I want to know how it was that you took my money under the pretence of doing my work, and then left me in the lurch?"

"I did your work as well as I could. Very dirty work it was, too, and badly paid."

"I hope you'll never have to do dirtier."

"I hope not. There is not much likelihood. As for the money, I have since, several times, had an idea of returning it to you; but, then, I have reflected that, after all, you were in my debt. You have had plenty of my money in your time, and so I thought I would keep it. As for the work, it is done."

"How done? What information have you ever given me?"

"Well, that's true. You see, there was no information to give, and I thought it best to let the matter drop quietly, or you might get upon some other wild-goose chase, losing more time and money."

"Is it too much to ask you to explain yourself? Would you favour me with a few of the particulars you discovered?"

"I discovered nothing except that you had made a fool of yourself and made one of me as well. To begin with, you supposed a murder had been committed."

"There was no supposing in that. I know a murder was committed."

"So you think. Who committed it, then?"

"My brother's wife."

"Why?"

"To free herself from a man she hated, and to obtain possession of a large sum of money he had concealed."

"How, then, do you account for her selling her trinkets to live?"

You will say she was afraid of claiming the money so soon after the man's death, for fear of awakening suspicion and causing inquiry. You believe there was a security somewhere among Jabez Acre's papers, which she got hold of and concealed. I say you are mistaken."

"Who did murder him, then, as you know so much?"

"If anybody did, it was the father."

"Who is dead?"

"You know that?"

"Of course, I saw it in the newspaper."

"You know, then, that if he was the guilty person, he has gone beyond your reach—at present."

"And the security?"

"Ah, you will stick to the security. You think there really was one, do you?"

"Of course, I do. I know there was."

"Stop. How?"

"I don't know exactly what it was. It might have been the money itself—in notes, perhaps—in gold, for what I know; but I think it most likely that it was a security, for Jabez would have been afraid of carrying a large sum about with him."

"And you're sure that there was a large sum?"

"I know that much, though I don't know the exact amount. I am positive he had money concealed—some thousands."

"Or hundreds, perhaps. Well, if he had, which I do not allow, mind you, who was the likeliest person to take it?"

"His wife."

"No, her father—a gambler and drunkard."

"What became of it?"

"Supposing it ever existed, which I do not allow, it was squandered at the gaming-table."

"And what became of the old man?"

"He broke a blood-vessel, and was found dead in the street."

"So they thought at the inquest. I saw the coroner afterwards."

"Well."

"Well, I have nothing to say against it. Only I do not believe he committed the murder."

"No more do I."

"Oh, you don't, eh?"

"Certainly not, because I don't believe that any murder was committed at all. All your evidence is of the wildest and most unsatisfactory character. The conversation you overheard, or say you did, amounts to absolutely nothing; no one would listen to it for a moment in a court of law. No one would believe it. I don't myself."

"By heavens! Jeffcoat," cried the other, starting to his feet, and bringing his fist down heavily upon the table, "you're playing a great game, but I see through it—I tell you I see through it."

"This is the point I wished to come to. I had no doubt you would see through it at once. Let me hear what you see."

"It is not known where Gladless had been upon the night he met with his death."

"No, they could not find out anything, could they?"

"They may yet."

"I think not. I have tried myself, and I had a clue. I could have sworn he was at a certain gambling-table that night, but the people of the house deny they ever saw him."

"I suppose you could not find out in whose company he was last seen," said Solomon, with a sneer.

"No, I couldn't do that either, but I can guess."

"I think I can, also."

Jack laughed. "You mean me?"

"Why not?"

"To be sure, why not? Only, then again, why?"

Solomon eyed him steadfastly, and, their eyes meeting, Jack's betrayed not the slightest emotion.

"Of course," said he, "that would have to be proved. Besides, if it were, that would not help the first case. I did not murder your brother Jabez. I suppose, you are quite sure of that."

"More sure of it than I am of something else."

"Exactly. Now we have got at it at last. More sure of it you are than that I have not got his money."

They sat silent for full a minute when they had reached this portion of their conversation, and seemed like chess-players pondering upon the next move. And Solomon's face would have been a study for Lavater, so many contending emotions there struggled for the mastery.

"What does the fellow mean?" he asked himself, "Is he saying this to put me off my guard? Is he affecting this free-and-easy reckless manner to screen himself from suspicion?"

Then he added aloud—

"How do I know that you have not got the money? Where have you got all your fine clothes. What wind-fall have you had? What lucky swindle have you hit upon? That you somehow got hold of the security and have drawn the money seems the likeliest. If I am wrong, please to explain."

"Of course, I must do so. If I did not, you might circulate reports which would annoy me, thinking there was truth in what you said. Understand me now. When you have received my explanation, if you dare as much as once to open your mouth against me I'll break your rascally old neck for you, and cheat Jack Ketch. Sit where you are while I unlock my desk."

He fetched, as he spoke, a desk off a side table, unlocked it, and took out certain papers, of legal appearance, and some scraps cut out of a newspaper.

"Do you read advertisements?" he asked, carelessly.

"Yes," replied the other, "nearly always."

"You have noticed this, then, I suppose, put in by Lady Lad. It has appeared a great many times."

"Yes, I have seen it."

"Rather a hopeless job to try and find your sister-in-law. I should fancy. However, that is not what I have to show you. Read this."

He passed to Solomon another scrap of printed paper, which was an advertisement offering a reward for the discovery of the next of kin of some one of the name of Jeffcoat.

"I was the next of kin," said Jack, carelessly, "the person mentioned was my uncle. It is the simplest story possible. You see the solicitors' names. You know them by repute, no doubt. You

are, however, at liberty to make inquiries. Glance your eye at the outside of these papers—they are title-deeds, and such like. Altogether I have about a thousand a year for the rest of my life. Not bad, you'll admit, but well merited. Virtue on this occasion, has been more than its own reward, which, in a general way, isn't sufficiently telling. I have told you all this for two reasons. One is that I thought it would make you inferentially unhappy to hear it the other that you would see in future it will be best for you not to crawl in my path, but I may put my heel upon you. Take this key, now, unlock the door, and set out as fast as you can, or I may be tempted to kick you down stairs. I am rich, and can afford to pay for the enjoyment."

Since the world began, and kicking-out came into fashion, there surely never was an old gentleman who had escaped kicking-out yet looked so much as though he had been kicked as Mr. Solomon Acre as he shambled out of the street door and crept away eastwards.

He had been in such a hurry to get down stairs, that he had slipped his foot and fallen, and bumped himself unpleasantly. Therefore, as he went his way, he rubbed as he went, which action further strengthened the likeness between him and a person who had tasted boot-leather. His hat was crushed in on one side, and his neckerchief had come unfastened, and the string confining his cotton umbrella had been burst, and altogether he was in a very melancholy plight.

There had been that in Jack Jeffcoat's eye, when he had told him to get out, which Solomon fancied would not brook trifling; besides, he had been so utterly dumb-founded by what he had heard and seen, that he had not had a word to say for himself, and had only had strength to crawl away crestfallen, and confounded, as some thieves might go, caught in a larder, and flugged thence by the master of the house.

Did he believe the story of the next of kin? Yes, there could be no doubt of it. He would make inquiries, of course; but he felt certain that that part of the story was true. And how could he fight against a rich man, and one who evidently was, for some reason, opposed to the continuance of the inquiries respecting Jabez Acre's death. Presently, Solomon's feelings found vent in words.

"I paid five shillings to find him out," he said aloud. "I've had a pretty fine five shillings' worth."

Then he clenched his fists, and ground his teeth.

"Curse him, I'd give all I have in the world to be able to cry quits with him. Whether or not he has got hold of that money, he is trying to screen the woman. Why? Why! what a fool I am. There can only be one reason, he has fallen in love with her pale face. Good. Why not settle with both at once. In that way I may get my revenge and my money as well. I can't afford to lose my money for the sake of vengeance. That would be too much like a man in a tale or a play. To cut a throat for sixpence is reasonable enough under some circumstances, but to hunt a man down only for the sake of hunting, is too much trouble to be carried out in real life. What can I do, then? Only wait till my time comes. If I could lay my hand upon the doctor, now—that Edward Gay who signed the certificate of death—I think I see my way clear enough."

While Solomon was thus reflecting, Jack Jeffcoat continued to smoke his cigar, and to reflect also, something in this fashion—

"There's an end of him—for the present. For how long? There's no knowing—perhaps for ever. Of course, he feels rather venomous just now. But that'll wear off. After all, he can do nothing."

"Talking of doing. What have I done since I came into my money. Rather less than nothing. I always was so fond of building castles in the air. If I only got another chance, I used to say. I had made up my mind to a rural life—to cultivate the virtues, turnips, and so on. Since I've had my money, I have been spending it something in the old way. I have enough of it to be able to be extravagant, without getting into difficulties. That is the only difference between the old time and this. I used to spend the money, then, before I got it, and other people's money as well. But I don't care for the life, and will drop it as soon as I can—as soon as I find her—as soon as we go away together. Will that ever happen at all?"

The reader shall not be left in the same doubt as was our friend Solomon respecting Jack Jeffcoat's newly-acquired property. He had become possessed of the income he asserted in the way he had said. His family long since had cast him off, but two wholly unexpected deaths had made him rich. He had no longer any occasion to dread to-morrow. There was no anxiety for the future. His life might surely have been happy enough had he so chosen.

But which of us is happy? Is there not always something wanting—one screw loose—one missing nail? He looked happy enough. He had already lost much of that wakeful wary look about his eyes. He knew no policeman was waiting for him round the corner, and could fearlessly turn into the next street, or swagger up it, if all the policemen in the world were to be found there, drawn up in single file.

He always had had, when a thief, a fearless open smile, and a broad honest face, except for the strange look about the eyes I have just spoken of, but now there was something so recklessly rollicking and good-humoured about him, that persons often turned their heads to look after him in the street, and some smiled from sympathy as he passed, and beggars incessantly hung about his heels, and whined for halfpence, getting, generally, small silver instead, of which it was one of Jack's great delights to keep a pocketful for the purpose.

To go about like a great child—a schoolboy home for the holidays, we will say, to theatres and saloons, to smoke enormously, and drink much more than was good for him, to wear fine clothes, swear rather frequently, and mix with very questionable company, were some of the principal occupations of his worthless days and nights. He certainly did not lead a useful life as yet, and, now and then, his conduct was more than eccentric.

He sometimes, when the fancy took him, would give a sovereign away to a beggar in the street, more because he liked to see the poor wretch's look of wonder than for any other reason. One day, he caught a youthful thief's hand in his pocket, and instead of giving him in charge, or giving him a beating, gave the frightened boy a shilling instead, saying, with a laugh, he wanted to keep his pocket-handkerchief.

What was to be the end of him? Indeed it was a perplexing question. Instead of being settled and done for, when he got his money, here was this seemingly irreclaimable vagabond, who had lived quite six bad lives already, opening on to a seventh, as fresh as ever—that is to say, with a horribly bad opinion of men, women, and things in general, but without being totally blind to their good points—I mean, seeing virtues in those whom more believing persons give up as altogether lost and hopeless. This is a state of things not only probable but actual, whatever your youthful wise-heads may say to the contrary.

But there was, now and then, a time when Jack Jeffcoat could be very thoughtful, and rather sad; and, indeed, these reflective mo-

ments were of pretty frequent occurrence, and often enough came to him at most unseasonable periods. After a thoughtful fit, too, of which, strange to say, he was much more ashamed than of all his profligacy, he would curse himself for a fool and idiot; and once cried out aloud, to the astonishment of his servant, brushing a coat in the next room—

"I swear to heaven I won't think of her any more; I've done with this folly, for good and all, from this time forward."

But he had not. Absurd as, at times, he called his passion for this woman he had scarcely ever seen, he did love her with all his heart and soul, and without her the world was less worth living in than it had been in the old time when he was waiting for nightfall to drown him self.

Ever since the inquest on Richard Gladless, when Ruth had again mysteriously disappeared, he had been employed in two ways which he hoped would, in the end, lead to his finding Jabez Acre's widow, if he only persevered long enough. One way was easy enough—to watch the advertisements in the newspapers—the other way was to watch Lady Lad's house.

To do the latter there was no necessity to take up his stand in the gutter. He hit upon a much better plan. He dealt for cigars at a little shop just round the corner, and established a flirtation with the young lady behind the counter.

Upon the authority of this fair one, Jack was quite au courant with the outgoings and incomings at Lady Lad's, and had heard many anecdotes respecting her ladyship's domestic economy—what they had for dinner all the week, how often the dishes were warmed up, and what fell to the lot of the black to-meat.

Of course, among other things, he heard that Miss Jane lived with her ladyship, and was, according to the young lady at the cigar shop—herself a full-sized, full-flavoured young lady, flush of blood and high spirits—"a poor, pale-faced, dandin thing, who could not say boo to a goose."

Upon the night of the day on which Solomon had paid him a visit, our friend strolled up to Soho and went to buy his Havannah.

"Fine goings on to-day, sir, at your friend's," said the fair tobaccoist.

"How so?" asked Jack.

"Such a to-do you never saw the like of. Such hammering and banging at the door, and such pulling and tugging at the bell, the whole neighbourhood was frightened out of their wits by it."

"And how did all that occur?"

"My lady and her servant had been out, and came back in a cab—there's extravagance for you—her ladyship will be ruined—and when they got home, that nobby-pimby thing had gone to sleep, and no one could wake her for goodness knows how long. However, they did at last, and got in the invalid they had brought here."

"Brought home an invalid?" said Jack, with a start.

"Another young lady. You've let the pipe-light fall on your coat, sir."

"Yes, to be sure, thank you. Another young lady, eh?"

"A very pretty one, too, I hear, but as pale as the other. I never knew such a lot of poor party things in my life."

"I must be going now, I think. Good bye, my dear."

"Why, what a hurry you're in."

"Yes, I see it is later than I thought."

Yet he was in no hurry to get home; but walked, instead, round the square, and stared up at the windows, one of which, belonging to Miss Jane's room, had a light burning in it. As he stood there, with his back against the railings of the enclosure, the light was extinguished, and a minute afterwards the window opened, and Miss Jane, leaning out, looked up at the sky.

"It's that queer little girl," said Jack, to himself. "I wonder what she sees in the moon to stare at so? How am I to get into my lady's house? I wish she would tell me. By Jove, why should she not? A baby-faced chit like that might be twiddled round one's thumb as easy as though she were a doll. She goes out walking by herself. I'll look out for her to-morrow."

He was sanguine, you see. But that baby-faced chit was rather a dangerous toy to play with.

(To be continued.)

PROGRESS OF THE FRENCH EXHIBITION.

THE well-known sculptor, Dantan, jun., has just terminated for the approaching Exhibition, the bust in marble of Dr. Jules Cloquet, Member of the Institute, the celebrated Professor. We have been able to see this fine work, and in convincing ourselves of the perfect likeness to the original, we could not but admire the talent with which the artist has communicated to marble so life-like an appearance.

The Council of State is said to have prepared a bill having for its object to found an International Assurance Company for all the products sent to the Universal Exhibition. It may be remembered that the English artists in 1855, before sending their works to the Paris Fine Arts Exhibition, obtained from the French Government a guarantee of assurance against damage by fire. At present, in remitting to a company the charge of paying for any disasters which may happen, the Government will consequently place the exhibitors under the obligation of paying the insurance.

Great numbers of Japanese are, it is stated, on their way to Europe to view the Exhibition, so that the urbane Chinese gentleman who sells tea behind the Madeleine, and is so great a favourite among the *grisettes* and *bonnes* of the quarter, must expect severe rivalry. The French are not yet sufficiently cosmopolitan to discriminate very accurately between French and Chinese. Nearly four hundred cases full of Japanese "curiosities"—at which announcement one might be permitted to exclaim "Good luck!"—have been shipped from Japan, and are daily expected in France. It is to be hoped that "Japanese Tommy," who was such immense fun in New York, is coming; and we may look forward, it is to be supposed, to see Japanese ladies and gentlemen arrayed in paper coats and paper crinolines, waving paper pocket-handkerchiefs and paper parasols in the Champ de Mars. There will be, of course, a special department in which Japanese statesmen in reduced circumstances may perform the "happy despatch" with paper swords. Why not? One hears that stables for two white elephants have been prepared in the Siamese department.

The forty-sous and two-francs-fifty restaurateurs of the Palais Royal and other leading thoroughfares have held a meeting, and, if our information be correct, have solemnly decided that on and after the 1st of April next the tariff of all their "consumptions" shall be raised fifty per cent. This and variously deliberate plan of extortion will not affect the Parisians much, since very few persons to the manner born would, for sanitary reasons, dream of entering one of the cheap and nasty upstairs restaurants of the Palais Royal; but it will press with great cruelty on provincials and on foreigners.

JUST OUT, STEAM ENGINES (Patent), price 18, 24, 30, 40, of horizontal construction, manufactured entirely of metal, fitted with copper boiler, steam pipe, furnace, &c., complete. Will work for hours if supplied with water and fuel. Sent, carriage free, safely packed in wooden case, for 21 stamps. TAYLOR, BROTHERS, 21, Norfolk-road, Essex-road, Islington, London. Established 1849.

MORNINGS WITH THE MAGISTRATES.

AT MARLBOROUGH-STREET Thomas Day, plate-glass silversmith, of No. 7, Great Warner-street, Clerkenwell, was brought before Mr. Knox, by Police (one of the warrant officers), on a warrant, charged with deserting his child, Elizabeth Day, aged 8 years, on the 23rd of October, 1862, and leaving her chargeable to the parish of St. Martin-in-the-Fields. Mr. Bowman, relieving officer of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, said that on the 23rd of October, 1862, the child became chargeable to the parish, and was not at their school, the parish having been put to a great deal of trouble in ascertaining the settlement of the child. In answer to Mr. Knox, the witness stated that the child was brought to the workhouse by the prisoner's sister, who had been keeping the child, the prisoner having absconded. The prisoner was in work, and well able to support the child. The prisoner said that he had been out of work some time, and he paid his sister when he could. Mr. Bowman said the prisoner, who was a widower at the time of deserting the child, had since married again. Mr. Knox said that after leaving the child with a female relative the prisoner had absconded, and the child was taken to the workhouse. In the meantime the prisoner got married, and was quite capable of keeping the child; but instead of doing so, he left the parish to support it. He considered the prisoner's conduct scandalous, and should commit him for a month with hard labour.

JOHN CRAWFORD, a young man, who was described as of no fixed home, was charged before Mr. Knox with stealing, at No. 374, Oxford-street, fourteen pairs of socks, of the value of 14s., the property of Mr. James Franklin Hammond, hosier. Mr. Hammond proved seeing the prisoner take the socks from his door and run off with them. He pursued the prisoner and gave him into custody. Michael Gorman, 72 E, said he found the socks on the prisoner, and he admitted taking them. He refused his address. In answer to the charge, the prisoner said, "I have gained my living till now by hard work. I left Burnley and travelled from place to place, and afterwards came to London and got work. I then fell out of work and went to Maidstone and worked there. I again got out of work, and have had no work since. I then lived first on what money I had, and then by selling my clothes. I then became worse off than ever, and went to the casual wards at different workhouses, and had nothing to live on but what they gave me at those places; often only a piece of bread. When I again came to London I was hungry and starving. I went to a police-station near Camden Town, and asked for a night's lodging. They said I must go to Somers Town, and, on my asking the way there, the officer looked suspiciously at me, as if he thought I knew the way, and then said, 'Straight on.' I got a job to hold a horse, and after spending what I received, and feeling very hungry, I saw the socks at the door of the prosecutor's shop, and thinking I might get something by selling them, I took them. Poole, the assistant-gaoler, said the prisoner's hands bore appearances of hard work. The prisoner: The reason why I have not referred to persons who know me, is because I am determined that those who knew me as an honest youth shall not know me as a thief. Mr. Knox said the prisoner's story, if true, was a lamentable one. He would remand the prisoner for a few days, so that he might be carefully looked at by the London police to see if he was known. Barnes, the gaoler, said the prisoner had been seen by a greater number of the police than usual. Mr. Knox said the prisoner's was a sad story, and asked Mr. Hammond, after what he had heard, if he wished to go on with the case. Mr. Hammond said the prisoner's was a distressing case, and declined to press the charge any further. Mr. Knox discharged the prisoner, and strongly out feelingly recommended him not to offend again.

CHARLES SHARPE, a boy, was charged before Mr. Tyrwhitt as follows:—Mr. James Henderson, confectioner, of 36, Berners-street, Oxford-street, said that about nine o'clock on the previous evening, while in the parlour at the rear of his shop, he saw the prisoner and another boy enter his shop, and snatch up a bottle of wine, and ran out. He went after the boys, and the prisoner was stopped by a young man, who took the bottle from him, and handed it to him. On taking hold of the prisoner he was attacked by a gang of boys and girls, but he kept his hold of the prisoner, and at last got him back to his shop, when he gave him into custody. Robert Minnie, of 40A, Well-street, Oxford-street, deposed to seeing a number of boys and girls watching about the prosecutor's shop, and as he had once lived with the prosecutor, and knew that he was frequently robbed by boys and girls, he kept his eye on them. Seeing the prisoner run out of the prosecutor's shop he went after him, and held him, when he was surrounded by a number of boys and girls, who tried to prevent his securing the prisoner. Sergeant Burroughs, 21 E, said that on taking the prisoner into custody he denied taking the bottle of wine. The prisoner and a number of boys and girls were in the habit of going about of a night, and while one went into a shop on the pretence of purchasing something, another of the gang stole something. The gang was a terror to the neighbourhood, and the conduct and language of the boys and girls were of the most abominable description. Mr. Tyrwhitt asked the boy whether he wished to go for trial. A woman at the back of the court here called out "Settle it here." Mr. Tyrwhitt committed the prisoner for two months with hard labour, remarking that he had no doubt tradesmen were much annoyed and harassed by the class to which the prisoner belonged, and promising the prisoner that if he was brought before him again he would be sent to the sessions.

THE GATE OF ANAPA.

ANAPA (the gate of which is shown in our illustration on page 124) is a seaport town of European Russia (Circassia) on the north-east coast of the Black Sea. The fortress, constructed by the Turks in 1784, was taken by the Russians in 1791, and in 1807, and finally in 1828, since which it has been definitely ceded to them. The houses are mostly mere cabins, built of wood and mud. The inhabitants consist of Circassians, Turks, Tartars, Greeks, Jews, Russians, &c. The port, or rather road, is nearly open, with bad holding ground, and so shallow as to admit only ships of small burden. Anapa is principally important as a military post, the commerce being small, consisting chiefly of tallow, hides, butter, and grain.

You can restore health and strength without medicine, inconvenience, or expense by eating Dr. Barry's delicious health-restoring Invalids' Infants' Food, the Rev. Dr. Arbuckle, which yields thrice the nourishment of the best meat, and cures Dyspepsia (indigestion), Cough, Asthma, Consumption, Flatulency, Palpitation of the Heart, Constipation, Diarrhoea, Acidity, Heartburns, Nervous, Bilious, Liver, and Stomach complaints, and saves fifty times its cost in other remedies. 50,000 cures, including that of his illness the Pope, which had resisted all other remedies for thirty years. Dr. Barry and Co., 77, Regent-street, London. In tins, at 1s. 1d.; 1lb. 2s. 9d.; 12lbs. 22s.; 21lbs. 40s. At all grocers.—[Advertisement.]



VIEW OF VILLAFRANCA.

THE HARBOUR OF VILLAFRANCA.

VILLAFRANCA, of which we give an illustration above, is situated at the extremity of a bay, formed on the east by Mounts Alban and Boran, and on the west by the little peninsula of St. Hospice. It is protected on the north by successive ranges of high mountains. The bay is admirably sheltered, and a strong squadron could anchor there in safety. The town is built, like several others on the coast, in terraces, which rise one upon another. From the bay the appearance of its white houses, rising from the shore of the Mediterranean, is striking, and its picturesque character is heightened by the luxuriance of the olive plantations which hem it at all sides, and which were equally celebrated in the time of the Romans. Villafranca fell into the hands of the French in its first Italian campaign. It afterwards returned into the hands of Sardinia. A few years since it was formally ceded to Russia as a maritime station and a depot for provisions, &c.



THE GATE OF ANAPA.

THE PESENZANO VIADUCT.

This beautiful viaduct, shown in our illustration on page 121, will give our readers an idea of the architecture of many of the principal Spanish railway bridges. The crowning arches are supported in a different manner to our own lofty bridges; but there is a lightness about them which give a picturesque appearance to these structures, compared to many of the massive works in England. Apart from this peculiarity, the bridge is very like many of our own viaducts.

MURDER AND ATTEMPTED SUICIDE.

At Norwich on Friday, an old man, aged 73 years, named John Winter, murdered his wife Elizabeth, aged 71, and afterwards cut his own throat, so that he cannot long survive her. The couple lived together in one room, and though in receipt of regular relief from the parish, were not in any abject distress, for their son-in-law, who is employed in a grocer's shop, contributed sufficient to maintain them with comparative comfort. Their granddaughter, aged 14, was accustomed to do for them daily any necessary work. The old woman was paralysed, bed-ridden, and helpless. When the girl had been some time with them on Friday morning, and they had breakfasted, John Winter rose, turned her out of the room in an unaccustomed manner, and locked the door. His grandchild ran home and told her sister of this incident, who was alarmed at it. She directly went to the house and contrived to look through the window. She at that moment saw the old man leaning over his helpless wife, and deliberately cutting her throat with a razor. When the alarm spread, others looked in at the window, and witnessed the murderer, on the completion of his crime, cutting his own throat. The door was broken open, and the man was found lying on the bed beside his wife. She was dead, but he still breathed, although his throat was fearfully cut from ear to ear. A surgeon dressed the wound, and the patient was removed to the hospital, but it is not expected that he can recover. A razor marked with blood was found in the room; the handle was bound with cord, and the blade was thus fastened so as not to bend back. There seems but little doubt that John Winter had become deranged. He had expressed of late a great fear of being sent with his wife into the workhouse, and had borne himself in an excited manner for several days. He had been seen sharpening a razor, and heard to speak of destroying his life as well as that of his wife and daughter. He had been treated for disease of the brain some years ago. The coroner's inquest on Mrs. Winter was opened on Saturday, and, after the reception of some formal evidence, was adjourned.

THE MONASTERY OF MOUNT ST. BERNARD.

In the county of Leicester, partially isolated from the strife and bustle of the world, in a bleak and lonely district, amid the rocky hills of Charnwood Forest, stands the Cistercian Abbey of Mount St. Bernard. There are few places to be met with in England of equal extent, so completely divested of all natural beauty, presenting such a barren and uncultivated aspect as that part of the country in which the abbey is situated. It is, beyond all question, a spot not likely to influence the minds of those who dwell in its solitude with a favourable idea of the world they have left behind them, or chill the ardour of those who believe that the only true happiness to be met with, even in this life, is in our inspirations after a higher and a purer state of existence in the world to come. There are, however, places far more void of natural fertility, and at the same time wear a more pleasant and luxurious aspect. It has neither the wild beauty of mountain scenery, nor the terrific grandeur of the desert, but it is a dull, uninteresting tract of country, diversified only by stupendous rocks, whose elevated forms, unclothed by a vestige of verdure, are exposed to every blast of winter.

The abbey of Mount St. Bernard, in Charnwood Forest, was founded in the year 1835, exactly 300 years having elapsed from the suppression of the larger monasteries by King Henry the Eighth in 1535. This abbey belongs to that branch of the Benedictine Order called Cistercian—from Cîteaux, where St. Stephen Harding, an Englishman, built the first abbey in 1098.

St. Stephen was born in Dorset, and received his education at the monastery of Sherborne, in the same county. He, having left England, travelled to Paris and Rome, visited several of the monasteries in Italy, and eventually settled down in the abbey of Malesme, in the diocese of Langres. But the discipline in this community be-

coming relaxed, he, together with St. Robert and Alberic, withdrew to the desert of Cîteaux, in the vicinity of Dijon. Here these pious and holy men restored all the most perfect usages of ancient monasticism, as practised by the primitive Christians of the Church. The fame of their sanctity soon spread into distant countries; and in a few years monasteries of the Cistercian Order were founded in almost every nation of Christendom. The Abbeys of Fontaines and Riveaux, in Yorkshire, and Tintern Abbey, in Monmouthshire, were houses of the Cistercian Order.

The monks of this order never eat flesh meat, fish, or eggs, and the only animal food of which they partake is milk and cheese. Their Lent is much longer than that observed by the rest of the Church. It commences on the 14th of September, the Feast of the Exaltation of the Cross, and terminates at the Festival of our Lord's Resurrection. They also observe silence, and never speak except to the Abbot, or with his permission. They also till the ground attached to the monastery. They rise every morning at two o'clock, and on the great festival at midnight for the celebration of matins.

When the monks received the grants of the land on which the Abbey of Mount St. Bernard is built, five of them commenced the foundation of the present monastery. For the first year they lived in a miserable hut, which was incapable of sheltering them from the inclemency of the weather. By the aid, however, of the faithful, and particularly by Thomas Gisborne, Esq., M.P. for Derbyshire; A. P. De Lisle, Esq., of Garendon House; and the Earl of Shrewsbury, they were soon able to raise the present beautiful monastery. Convenient to the abbey is St. Mary's Colony, which is under the direction of Thomas A. Carroll, Esq., a most able and intelligent gentleman, who has not only succeeded in preserving it from utter ruin, but also in raising it to be one of the first institutions of its sort in the empire. The Abbey of Mount St. Bernard has been of late an object of much curiosity. It has been visited by strangers from all parts of the kingdom, and we believe few leave it (however they may differ from the religion observed within its walls) without finding their prejudices greatly softened by the kindness and generous welcome they receive from the monks.

In reference to the above subject, we herewith give an illustration of a Benedictine nun of a convent in this country. After the Reformation, the first convent established in this country was by a



HEAD OF A BENEDICTINE NUN.

Mrs. Mary Wiseman, of the Flemish convent of St. Ursula, in Louvain. It was opened in 1609. In 1794 it removed to Amersbury, in Wiltshire, and afterwards to Spelsbury House, Dorsetshire. Since then the number of convents in this country have increased at a very rapid rate.

THE ABYSSINIAN CAPTIVES.

Letters have been received from the captives in Abyssinia up to the 28th of January, three weeks later than the date of our last advices. The captives were all well, but no change had taken place in their circumstances. They were still prisoners and in chains in the hill fort of Magdala, and seemed to be under no apprehension of further outrage, although nothing had occurred to give them any hope of a speedy deliverance. On receiving a copy of her Majesty's letter, which had been forwarded from Massowah by Mr. Flad King Theodorus seemed disposed at first to reply to it, but subsequently directed Mr. Rassam to write and request that the artisans and presents should be forwarded to him forthwith. This, in spite of the reported distinct assurance in her Majesty's letter, that the artisans would not be sent up, and that Theodorus was not to calculate on British friendship, unless the captives were previously liberated. There now seems only too much reason to believe that the King has absolutely made up his mind not to liberate the captives, and the fact that he still keeps them in chains is probably an indication of his purpose. The report that King Theodorus had destroyed Gondar, the old capital of Abyssinia, is also confirmed. He did not even spare the churches, said to number forty-four, which act of sacrilege has created a deep sensation throughout the country. The Aboona, or Bishop, is still a prisoner, though not in chains, in the Amba Magdala, as well as the "Achaggaz," or Head of the Monks. The hill fort of Magdala is situated on a mountain in the Wallo Galla district, and is about two miles in circumference. The locality is remarkably healthy, and the weather so cold that fires are used all the year round. The garrison, consisting of 600 musketeers and 1,000 spearmen, live on the summit with their families. For eight months in the year water is abundant, but during the remaining four it is brought up from the plain below. The Queen and the greater part of the Royal establishment reside there, and, as the old capital has been destroyed, Theodorus regards this Amba as his new capital, and relies greatly on its strength. The country generally is reported to be in a state of anarchy, and the rebels occupy the high road a few hours from Magdala. Still, it does not appear that the King is in such straits as has been represented. By the last accounts he was planning another expedition against Gojam. Mr. Flad was on the point of leaving Massowah for the Royal camp via Matamma, taking with him the articles which he had purchased in this country for the King. His return is indispensable to the safety of his wife and children. Of course the artisans do not accompany him.

A MAN BOILED ALIVE IN CLERKENWELL.

An inquiry was held by Mr. W. J. Payne, the coroner, on the 19th inst., at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, respecting the death of Ely Edwards, aged thirty-five years.

Joseph Prue said that the deceased was a workman in the employment of Messrs. Field and Co., brewers, carrying on business in St. John-street, Clerkenwell. On last Friday afternoon he was at work on a stage near a large vat that was filled with hot hop liquid. The vat, which was called a "hop jack," was twenty-four feet long, six feet wide, and three and a-half feet in depth. It contained the boiling liquid which had been let into it from the hop copper. The stage on which the deceased was standing was a slanting one, and it was wet. He suddenly slipped, and fell into the boiling liquid, and he was scalded up to his neck. He cried for help, and two men pulled him out, and he was carried to the hospital. It appeared that at the time of the occurrence the deceased was engaged in setting some of the machinery of the brewery, that was in connection with a large hop-press, in working order, and, while doing so, he was compelled to stand on the stage, which was railed off below the vat by a hand-rail. There was also a plank, called a post-guard, placed at the edge of the stage, but some person, name unknown, had removed the post-guard. Hence the accident.

Mr. Moore, surgeon, said the deceased died on Saturday. He was frightfully scalded all over the body.

The jury returned a verdict of accidental death.

OUR OPERA GLASS.

DRURY LANE.—The production of the old Scottish romantic drama of *Rob Roy* at this theatre on Saturday night was marked with an enthusiasm seldom displayed by the somewhat stolid audiences of the present day, except indeed on the annual festival of the saturnalia of the British pit and gallery, Boxing-night. This musical drama or ballad-opera, as it has been indifferently termed, was brought out at Covent Garden in 1818. In it, the author, Pocock, has closely followed the novel, and has given to the stage a Rob Roy, a Nicol Jarvie, a Dougal, and an Helen Macgregor identical with, and nearly as strongly marked as the creations of Walter Scott. Here, however, ends the list of his successful photographs. His Francis Osbaldistone and his Sir Frederic Vernon are walking gentlemen of the most insipid and ordinary type; and his Diana Vernon though interesting to a certain degree, is the weakest possible copy of the original, without a trace of her piquancy, her waywardness, or her high spirit. Of Rashleigh it is more difficult to speak justly. It would be the handiwork of a master in the art that, in the narrow limits allotted to him in a play, could reproduce the mixture of subtlety, of treachery, of ambition, and of courage, little more than sketched even by the hand of the wizard himself in his portrayal of this character. It is curious to observe that in the cast of the piece at Covent Garden in 1818, the part of Rob Roy was played by Macready, and that of the Bailie by Liston. Now we have the Bailie performed by Mr. Phelps, who is supposed to fill the place left vacant by Macready. In 1818 it would have been thought sacrilege even to dream of Macready playing one of Liston's parts; but in 1867 we go to see our leading and almost only tragedian undergo this transformation, and come to the conclusion that it suits him admirably. It is well known that Liston, in the beginning of his career, always considered that tragedy would be his forte. Is it possible that Mr. Phelps, starting from the other end, has made a similar mistake? To criticise a play that is already fifty years old is, of course, out of the question, but there can be no doubt that, judged by the standard of the present day, and considered apart from the interest inspired by its derivation from the word, *Rob Roy* would be estimated to be, on the whole, a rather bewildering farrago of melodramatic situations, more fitted for the circus than for the stage. We allow that there are many stirring points in the play, that the scenes with the Bailie are very humorous, and that the four characters we have above-mentioned are very faithful reproductions of Sir Walter Scott's; but, as a play judged by itself, and standing on its own merits, it is heavy, awkward, and tiresome. Mr. Powrie, of whom great things were expected, proved himself a good actor, not at all given to exaggeration, but did not certainly impress us with the idea that he possesses any dramatic genius. There is this to be said in his favour, however: the part of Rob Roy is not really a great one; there is a good deal of show and dash about, but, except as a vivid picture of the Highland veteran of those days, it does not command any great interest, and is entirely subordinate to that of Nicol Jarvie, who monopolises nearly the whole of it throughout. Mr. Phelps, in the latter character, played with great humour and minuteness, and gave the audience a very highly-finished picture of Scott's canny, but good-hearted, original. In the scene with the hot poker, he over-acted a little, and this exaggeration, combined with an absurdly-ugly false note, which peculiarity Mr. Phelps very much affects (he committed the same mistake in Mephistopheles), had the effect of reminding us of the clowns in the pantomime. Mr. Phelps will, perhaps, allow us to suggest to him, that this tendency to caricature his personal appearance in such parts as these is a mistake, and that it is beneath his dignity to resort to such means of provoking the mirth of his audience. Dougal, as represented by Mr. McIntyre, was one of the most successful points in the piece. This actor succeeded in bringing most vividly before us the half-savage, crafty, but devoted Gael. Mr. Harrison, who sang the ballad "We may be happy yet" with much feeling, was evidently cowed by the part of Francis Osbaldistone: he made no attempt to raise it from the region of walking gentlemen, to which, when unaided by the cut of his exponent, it belongs. Mr. E. Phelps was overweighed with the part of Rashleigh; but, as we have said before, it is badly drawn by the author. Miss Le Thiere and Miss Cross were respectable in the parts of Helen and Diana Vernon, but the first lady, although an intelligent actress, has not sufficient tragic powers for her role. The groupings of the crowds of soldiers and Highlanders were admirably done, but there is not much to be said for the scenery.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—Alternating the revived comedy of *The Merry Widow* with the ever-popular *School for Scandal*, Miss Herbert has refurnished her programme with two pieces which have always been secure of a cordial reception from her audience. In Mr. Leicester Buckingham's neatly-rendered version of the work of MM. Dumasoir and Keranion the noble-hearted Mrs. Charles Mildmay, who so heroically encounters the accusation of being indifferent to her husband's decease that she may gallily sustain the blind mother's belief of her son being still alive, remains sure of the warmest sympathies of an English audience. Miss Herbert, both as the "merry widow" and as Lady Teazie, profits by this exchange of parts; and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Matthews and Miss Carlotta Addison largely participate in the advantages of these revivals.

GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION.—That bright little establishment in Regent-street, where Mr. and Mrs. German Reed, accompanied by their faithful conductor, Mr. John Parry, have so long made their visitors merry, again offers the public the means of pleasant entertainment, and a brief recess has been well employed in securing fresh attractions. The difficult task of finding a suitable dramatic vehicle for the numerous personages whom we are accustomed to meet on such occasions has been this time entrusted to Mr. T. W. Robertson, who has herein allowed his fancy the widest range. Deciding on a trip to Venice, in despair of finding novelty elsewhere, Mr. and Mrs. German Reed and Mr. John Parry appropriately visit the famous "city of song," and there fall under the influence of the various memories of old, lyrically described as belonging to it. The familiar foreign nobleman, whose pride it is to be the victim of patriotism and persecution, and whose weakness displays itself in purloining silver spoons from the hotel and borrowing money from the guests, is the first encountered, and acute physiognomists may trace a close resemblance of features between the victimising Count Mackvickski and the versatile Mr. John Parry. The sensible old maid, Miss Sunnyside, who at sixty-four declines his proffered addresses, and is content to add another live disappointment to the forty-nine previously endured, is quite as much like Mrs. German Reed as the sagacious female medical practitioner afterwards introduced as Miss Lavinia Sage. Nor would it be utterly impossible to discover the face and figure of Mr. German Reed in the two eccentric and speculative English tourists who successively encounter the cheerful spinster and the lady

doctor. The resemblances become, however, more confused when Mr. German Reed, swallowing hashish as an anodyne prescribed for neuralgia, finds himself so affected by the peculiar properties of the drug that he beholds the Adriatic, who has been the bride of forty defunct dogs, exciting the jealousy of the existing one by becoming the rival of Venice in his affections. Consigned to a dungeon, he wakes, like another Rip Van Winkle, to find the world changed around him. Two hundred years have gone. Mrs. German Reed is the wife of Mr. John Parry, who has invented perpetual longevity and become President of the Board of Trade, and all human emotions are now expressed by movements of the dress instead of the features. This last series of fantastic notions is ingeniously wrought out; and through the really artistic acting of Mr. John Parry, the excellent singing of Mr. and Mrs. German Reed, and the piquant pleasantry of Miss Susan Galton, who seems permanently associated with the three, so long falsifying the proverb of being no company, the *Dream in Venice* leaves behind a very agreeable impression. This satisfactory result is mainly induced by two exquisite Venetian views, painted by Mr. John O'Connor and Mr. William Telbin, illustrative of the Bridge of the Rialto and the Piazzetta from the Dogano. The latter especially is a remarkable work of art, and the richness of its colouring, and the illusion of its perspective, will be found to excite renewed admiration as often as Mr. Telbin's exquisite picture is revealed. The famous domestic scene of the *Wedding Breakfast at Mrs. Roseleaf's* remains, as heretofore, the concluding portion of the entertainment, and the extraordinary mimetic talents and highly refined humour of Mr. John Parry continue to render the last half hour at the Gallery one of the most enjoyable of the evening.

ROYAL NAVAL FEMALE SCHOOL.

On Wednesday last, the 20th inst., an extraordinary general meeting of the subscribers, &c., to this institution, was held at Willis's Rooms, having been convened, in accordance with one of their Bye Laws, by twenty subscribers, for the purpose of investigating some charges preferred by the requisitionists against the committee.

The proceedings were altogether of an unusual character, and were conducted in a spirit of extremely bad taste—violence and uproar predominating throughout.

The Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot having taken the chair, and prayers having been offered up by the Rev. Mr. Hales, for moderation and wisdom in their proceedings, the conflict commenced.

A gentleman (a barrister) who rose for the purpose of explaining the part he had taken in the interest of the charity, as one of the requisitionists, and of moving a resolution, was, in the most un courteous manner, desired to sit down, as he had no *locus standi*, not having been a subscriber to the institution at the period when the irregularities were stated to have occurred. By no means willing to adopt this dictum of the noble chairman, he again and again essayed to obtain a hearing, but finding that each attempt only brought forth the most vulgar denunciations, combined with the minor theatre shouts of "turn him out," &c. &c., though gallantly contending for his right to be heard, he deemed it more advantageous to the interests of the charity to submit than permit the continuance of a scene which would have discredited a Charitable assemblage, or the universal suffrage disciples of Mr. Beales and Mr. Bradlaw. It was evident that the friends of the inculcated parties, having the advantage of numbers, were determined not to listen to argument, but to stifle it—not to inquire into the truth of the allegations, but by vehemence of language and demeanour, to silence the accusers of the committee of the institution, and seeing their vast numerical superiority, to make the meeting subserve the honour and glorification of those whose alleged irregularities in the last election of pupils they had been called together to investigate.

The ground on which the chairman of the meeting, acting upon the advice of those who surrounded him, silenced the intended mover of the resolution, was not by any means tenable, or in accordance with the rules which govern the proceedings of public bodies. As we might his lordship have declared that no member of the House of Peers had a right to initiate proceedings against a Minister of the Crown who had betrayed the trust reposed in him, unless he had succeeded to the peerage before the commission of the act with which the minister was charged.

A monotonous discourse was then pronounced by Mr. Phelps, one of the naval chaplains present, which was remarkable for the absence of those feelings of Christian charity and that amenity which are so becoming in the ministers of religion, in which he bespattered all the requisitionists with dirt, and declared his intention to prove that they were actuated solely by malevolent and vindictive motives; a statement which was received with the applause of his friends. The reverend chaplain, however, failed altogether to produce these damnable proofs, though he appeared to be perfectly satisfied with the impression his statement had created, and certainly, if the triumph of physical force—which it is to be hoped will ever attend the service to which he is attached, for the honour and glory of old England—he obtained on that occasion, be a source of gratification to him, he must at least bear his honours with becoming modesty, considering that he had it in his pocket before the opening of the proceedings, as he had prepared his speech and knew how it would be supported by the meeting. The Rev. Mr. Hales, the visitor of the institution, who looked and spoke like a gentleman and a Christian, made some explanations which divested much of its gravity the principal charge against the committee, of "refusing the voting papers for the election of candidates for the Naval Female School, on the ground of their being sent in too late, notwithstanding their delivery to the Secretary on the advertised day of election," by asserting that the error was merely typographical—which in no manner affected the validity of the election itself, and no one present could, from his manner, doubt this was his sincere conviction.

There was, however, a charge against the fairness of the choice made by the committee in July last which should have been carefully investigated, because, if true, it was a clear malversation of the funds and objects of the charity, as well as a gross injustice to the children of the less prosperous, though no less gallant, officers of the service, for whose benefit the institution was founded and is supported by the voluntary contributions of the public.

The charge was no less than the election on that occasion of the daughter of a master in the navy, who enjoys, with his half-pay, emoluments yielding him £600 per annum. Not one of the committee denied the fact, but the same reverend chaplain sought only to clothe the charge with contempt, by assuming, or stating without any authority whatever, that the malignancy of the accuser had exaggerated the income of the young lady's father to £1,000 per annum, and that he had stated further, that the election had been gained through the influence of a noble duke. The gentleman making the charge utterly denied the £1,000 per annum statement, as did also others in the room, and, indeed, no one but the reverend

chaplain made the assertion, and with regard to the statement of the influence used to obtain the election of the young lady, he explained to those around him—for such was the uproar that none others could hear him—that it was merely an inference of his own, arising from the fact of her father holding a lucrative appointment under the noble duke in question. At all events, without any feeling of unkindness towards the young lady so fortunately elected, it must be patent to the subscribers, as well as to the public in general, that it never was intended that the funds of the institution should be employed for the support and education, on the reduced scale of £12 per annum, of the daughters of half-pay masters in the navy, whose incomes, from any source, are half as much again as those of the most distinguished rear-admirals in the service. In the apparently vindictive course pursued by the chaplain in question, there was, however, this redeeming quality, engendered, no doubt, by his connection with the gallant service to which he is civilly attached: he paid a just compliment to the excellence of the education imparted to the pupils of the institution, and added the tribute of his testimony to the universal satisfaction given by them in their subsequent careers, as governesses or wives, or in the performance of whatever duties devolved upon them in after life; and it must be hoped that it was only in a too chivalrous defence of the gentler sex that he suffered himself to outstep the bounds of fair criticism, and to overlook the possibility that other men might, even if mistaken in judgment, have been actuated by feelings quite as pure and virtuous as his own in desiring that the matters of what they conscientiously complained, should be fully investigated.

Although the premier Earl of England presided, surrounded by other members of the aristocracy, including the Hon. Captain Maude, and the meeting was attended by Admirals Bowles, Colpoys, Dacres, Eden, and other gallant and distinguished officers of the British Navy; General Whylcock, and several officers of the army, the scene was anything but that which could have been anticipated by the uninitiated in such matters, and certainly reminded us more of a practical illustration of the vulgar term of a bear garden, than any idea we had ever formed of the proceedings of polite society.

FACTORY RIOTS AT ROUBAIX.

Serious riots took place at Roubaix, department of the Nord, on the 16th inst. Weavers and spinners pillaged factories and private houses, and set fire to two places of business. Letters received at Lille give the following particulars:—"For some time past the introduction of improved looms into several factories has essentially modified the conditions of labour, one weaver being able, under the new arrangement, to work two looms. The workmen became extremely discontented, and in some instances openly threatened their employers. A further cause of discontent was created by the imposition of a fine of one centime per minute upon every late comer for the first hour of his absence from work, and of twenty-five centimes additional for each subsequent hour. The men complained more than ever, and, in the hope of avoiding conflict, the masters lowered the fine to half a centime a minute. At noon, on the 15th, during the absence of the men at dinner, placards were posted in all the factories of the town, announcing that the dispute had been settled. These placards, which were signed by the members of the Council of *Prud'homme*, caused great excitement among the workmen upon their return from dinner. They saw in them the confirmation of their fears that the measure, which placed one man in charge of two looms, was likely to be generally applied; they left the factories in groups, and traversed the streets, venting threats against some of the masters. More than 25,000 weavers and spinners were soon collected, uttering shouts and cries, and hooting the passers-by. Foreseeing a collision, the municipal authorities, who could command no stronger force than a brigade of gendarmes and the police at once sent off to Lille for reinforcement; but towards five o'clock the disorder rose to a serious height. The workmen attacked the factories of MM. Grimonprez, François, and Henri Roussel, Delattre, Dille, Desrousseaux, and Scamp; the looms were broken to pieces, the work in progress destroyed, and the webs cut. Stones were thrown through the windows, knives were drawn, and sticks were brandished, but, no resistance being offered, the rioters effected their object unmolested. M. Scamp's residence was plundered, furniture, bedding, and plate were thrown out of the windows, a piano was carried bodily away and battered to pieces. A similar scene was enacted at the house of M. Desrousseaux, and subsequently his factory and that of M. Henri Roussel were set on fire. In the course of the evening two squadrons of the 5th Cuirassiers and two battalions of the 57th of the line arrived at Roubaix. The workmen received the soldiers with cheers. 'They'll not fire upon us!' was the general cry, and no alarm was manifested when the order was given to load. Nevertheless, the groups of rioters began to disperse at the first summons from the officer in command, and all serious disorder at once ceased. The Prefect of the Department du Nord, the Procureur-Général of Douai, and the Procureur-Imperial of Lille came to Roubaix as soon as the riots were suppressed. Numerous arrests have been made, and the prisoners sent on to Lille for examination and trial. Hopes are entertained that no renewal of the disturbances will take place, and that a good understanding between the workmen and their masters will be speedily restored.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, for children teething, has gained a greater reputation in America during the last fifteen years than any remedy of the kind ever known. It is pleasant to take, and safe in all cases; it soothes the child and gives it rest, it softens the gums and allays all pain or irritation, it regulates the bowels, cures wind, colic, or dysentery, and diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. It is highly recommended by medical men, and is sold by all medicine dealers at 1s. 1d. per bottle. Full directions on the bottles. Office, 205, High Holborn, London.—[ADVERTISEMENT.]

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OBITUARY.

DEATH OF ADMIRAL SIR PHIPPS HORNBY, G.C.B.—This distinguished officer died at Compton, Sussex, on the 19 inst. He was born on the 27th of April, 1785, and entered the Navy 19th May, 1797, as midshipman on board the *Lotus*, a frigate, bearing the flag of the Hon. William Waldegrave on the Newfoundland station. The deceased saw a great deal of service during the great war of the early part of the present century, and took a conspicuous part in the famous frigate action off Lissa. At the close of the war he remained unemployed from 1816 to 1832, when he was appointed superintendent of the Royal Naval Hospital and Victualling Yard at Plymouth. He removed, January 6th, 1838, to the superintendence of the Dockyard at Woolwich; and from December 16, 1841, until promoted to flag rank, November 9, 1846, he filled the office of Comptroller-General of the Coastguard. The gallant officer's commissions bore date as follows:—Captain, February 16th, 1810; Rear-Admiral, November 9, 1845; Vice Admiral, January 1, 1854; Admiral, June 25, 1858. The deceased officer also held the rank of Rear-Admiral of the United Kingdom.

The death of Sir Hew Crauford Pollok, Bart., of Pollok Castle, Renfrewshire, was announced a fortnight ago, at the age of seventy-nine, and it was stated that his son Hew would succeed him. This gentleman was lately a Lieutenant in the Renfrewshire Militia. About May, 1855, Mr. Pollok disappeared, and has not since been heard of. It was hoped that the announcement of the death of his father would have the effect of discovering him, but, up to this day, no tidings have reached his friends, who are naturally in a most painful state of anxiety. Mr. Pollok was well known in Cheltenham for his love of hunting and steeple-chasing, and it will be the source of great regret if it should turn out, as is feared to be the case, that he has met with his death. When he was last heard of, he had £500 on his person, and was going over to France. No reason can be given for his silence and absence, except that he is no longer living.

FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

STRIPES, it seems, have run their course; very few are seen in new material. Silks, like fancy materials, are for the most part chined or brocaded. When there are stripes, they are covered with tiny patterns.

Black cashmere paletots, entirely embroidered with jet beads, are as much the fashion now as they were last autumn. It is *par excellence* the demi-saison garment.

The new toilets we see are, for the most part, composed of the dress and paletot alike. The paletot is very short; it is made, however, of different shapes; sometimes it is straight and loose, sometimes half-fitting, and sometimes quite tight to the figure, and worn with a waistband over it. In the latter case it is suitable only for young ladies, or, at any rate, only for slight youthful figures.

The trimming of the paletot corresponds to that of the dress. Narrow crimped fringes, black guipure lace borders, plain or embroidered silk braid, and passementerie ornaments are much used.

The latter are often imitated by ornaments worked in woollen or silk braid, and forming circles, trefoils, and other patterns, to which beads are often added.

Here is an elegant costume, suitable for an afternoon walking toilet.

Dress of violet and white brocaded silk, in the princess shape. The seam of each width is covered with ovals of violet velvet ribbon, joined together by small round pearl buttons. Each row of these ovals is finished off in the centre of one of the scoops of the bottom of the dress by a silk tassel to match. The paletot is half fitting, and scalloped out; it is trimmed in the same style. The under skirt is of plain violet *poult de soie*, with a thick violet gimp cord round the bottom. White bonnet, with violet ornaments.

As for bonnets, it seems they are to remain as small as ever. The rounded shapes are very graceful. There is quite a variety of them.

With a rather oval crown, the brim is short, and comes forward a little into a point at the top in the Mary Stuart shape.

If, on the contrary, the crown is small and appears to have been cut in half at the back, the brim encircles the face a little more.

Among several patterns of spring bonnets for walking toilets, the following appeared to us becoming and elegant:—

A bonnet of pink crape, pleated in long round pleats ornamented with a garland of coral branches of black crystal, with a fringe of small square gretols of the same crystal round the edge. Small curtain of pleated crape, with a branch of flowers formed of small black beads placed over it. Strings of pink ribbon, and lapels of black lace embroidered and fringed with black beads. Ruche of pink tulle inside.

A bonnet of grey crape arranged in bouillons, trimmed with a pretty garland of roses, forming a coronet and coming over the brim on either side; small crape veil at the back; strings of grey ribbon.

A bonnet of white blonde; the brim is entirely covered with myrtle leaves of a brilliant green; a branch of the same leaves goes round the back of the bonnet and falls in a long trailing sprig on the neck. Small curtain of blonde, blonde lapels tied over springs of white silk.

Many bonnets of black lace are also worn at the present moment; they are ornamented with a bright-coloured flower, corresponding with the trimming of the toilet. This style of bonnet has the advantage of looking well with any dress, and is the natural transition between the velvet and straw bonnet.

The mistaken efforts of the friends of Mr. James Freeling Wilkinson, to procure a remission of his sentence, have most properly been met by Mr. Walpole with a firm refusal. Whether the ex-manager of the Joint-Stock Discount Company has been made a somewhat severe example for the benefit of the community, or not, it is unnecessary to inquire. Certain it is that the offence with which he was charged was conclusively brought home to him, and no reasonable man could for one moment entertain a doubt but that there were dishonest transactions of a similar nature between him and others. It is always painful to find a man, once respected, placed in so degrading a position; but Mr. Walpole most properly refuses, for sympathetic causes, to remit a sentence which one of the judges thought fit to pass after a long and patient trial before a singularly able and intelligent jury.

The magistrates of Wolverhampton have ordered that a work, entitled, "The Confessional Unmasked," emanating from the Protestant Electoral Union, shall be publicly burnt in that ancient town. We agree with the magistrates in their decision, and hope that it may check the mistaken efforts of a so-called religious society, which forgetting that most important of all scriptural teachings, brotherly love, seems bent upon stirring up hatred and contest by the most improper means. It is high time that these shameful attacks upon Roman Catholics and their religion, were put a stop to.

GOLDSMITHS often complained of the hardness of silver, which is sometimes very difficult to carve, and presents a dead grey cut. These properties are generally attributed to the presence of a foreign metal; but M. Mathey, assayer at Locla, has shown, remarks the *Mechanics' Magazine*, in this silver there is neither tin, lead nor any other injurious metal. He considers this property to be due solely to the high temperature at which silver is cast. By letting the crucible cool till a slight solid crust is formed on the surface of the fused metal, and casting at this moment, a soft silver with a brilliant cut is obtained.

The following appeared in our Latest Edition of Last Week.

MEETING AT MR. GLADSTONE'S.

On Thursday afternoon a large number of Mr. Gladstone's supporters met at the right hon. gentleman's residence, Carlton-gardens. Mr. Gladstone addressed the meeting, in the course of which he denounced the bill as one of the vilest character, but said at the same time that he would not take upon himself the responsibility of joining issue upon the second reading, because he not only believed there was a large number of gentlemen who would like to have it read a second time, but that the opposition would be of the most determined nature. He then passed on to say, that when the bill went into committee the county franchise should be extended beyond the amount proposed by the Government measure, and that the redistribution of seats should be further modified; that voting papers should be done away with, and compound householders permitted to vote. He would also advocate a lodger franchise. After some other remarks, he again repeated that he would not run the risk of recommending the bill being opposed upon the second reading. The majority of the members expressed their acquiescence in what had fallen from the right hon. gentlemen, and the meeting separated.

MRS. RYVES, THE CLAIMANT TO THE BRITISH THRONE.

EXTRAORDINARY APPLICATION.

At the Lambeth Police-court on Thursday shortly after the disposal of the night charges, a gentleman in company with Mrs. Ryves (the lady who claimed to be the lawful descendant of Prince George of Cumberland, and entitled to the throne), entered the court, and desired to make an application to Mr. Paget, the presiding magistrate.

The gentleman stated that he had come before his worship to apply for a warrant on behalf of Mrs. Ryves, against a stallholder at the Crystal Palace, who put forth that he was the son of that lady, and obtained money from a sympathising public. His worship would, doubtless, recollect the case of "Ryves v. the Attorney-General," which had occupied the attention of the law courts, and, in fact, an appeal was pending in the House of Lords for establishing the rights of the lady as the descendant of Prince George of Cumberland. The party against whom he desired proceedings to be taken had had Mrs. Ryves's name put up on a stall at the Crystal Palace, and thus obtained buyers for his goods, upon the faith of his story that he was the son of Mrs. Ryves.

Mrs. Ryves.—You must remember the trial, sir?

Mr. Paget.—Of course, it was a question of pedigree.

Applicant.—Mrs. Ryves claims to be the lawful descendant of the Duke of Cumberland.

Mrs. Ryves: The case is pending before the House of Lords on an appeal.

Applicant further said that the man at the Crystal Palace continued to state that he was Mrs. Ryves's son, although he was in no way related to her. It was on that ground he would ask his worship to issue a warrant against him.

Mr. Paget: What am I to take that course for?

Applicant said the man had put himself forward as the son of Mrs. Ryves, and also stated that he had received letters from the Cabinet Ministers during the late trial.

Mr. Paget: I want to see where the obtaining money under false pretences takes place.

Applicant remarked that the money was not received by the man in charity, but owing to the lady's name being over the stall several noblemen, gentlemen, and ladies were induced to take his goods without inquiring the price, and thus gave him money.

Mr. Paget: I want to see positively the false pretence.

Applicant: The man had said the people took his goods without asking the price.

Mr. Paget: But you must first ascertain that he has asked for money under the representation of being Mrs. Ryves's son, or the proceeding you are asking for is premature.

Applicant could not say that was so, but the man had admitted selling goods at his stall, at prices which he could not have got if he had not represented himself as the son of Mrs. Ryves.

Mr. Paget said if it could be proved parties had given him money under such false representation, then there would be ground for granting a warrant.

Applicant considered the admission of the man enough for that, and that he had made use of the names of the Earl of Clarendon, Duke of Somerset, and the Earl of Harrington, and even that of the Queen.

Mr. Paget said proof must first be brought of the false pretence and the obtaining money by it, and then he would grant the warrant, but as it stood at present he could not accede to the request.

The parties having thanked his worship left the court.

FEARFUL ACCIDENT IN CAMBERWELL.

Between twelve and one o'clock on Thursday morning a large piece of coping fell from the front of a house in Church-street, Camberwell, killing a lady who was passing, and seriously injuring another, who was taken to the hospital.

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